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Notice: Article III. (Glasgow and South-Western) in the series on the Railways of Scotland will appear next week.

A Literary Supplement dealing with Christmas books will appear on 8 December.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have had some experience in London of waiting for a hero-laden ship which does not arrive in time, and we may suppose that the Marseillais were just as cross about the "Gelderland's" unpunctuality as Londoners were about the postponed entry of the C.I.V.'s. Mr. Kruger's thanks to the French Government for their sympathy was a characteristic piece of impudence, which will not make his stay in Paris more pleasant. The ex-President's remarks about the war and British barbarism were exactly what we expected he would say, and what he will probably go on saying to the end of the chapter. The attitude of the French Government is, as it has been throughout, correctness itself, nor can we complain of the tone of the serious French press, particularly when we remember what our papers used to write about the Dreyfus case. Unfortunately the French populace is easily excited, and we should imagine that before many days are past a saloon carriage will be placed at Mr. Kruger's disposal to convey him once more to the frontier.

Isolated attacks on our outposts and lines of communication continue to be the distinguishing features in South Africa. One of these unfortunately resulted in the capture of thirty British soldiers, and the killing and wounding of eleven more. The Boers have been especially active in the south of the Orange Colony, where the railway and telegraphic lines at Edenburg have been seriously interfered with. From Harrismith, however, General Rundle reports that he is gradually clearing the country, and General Boyes' column is now moving from Vrede thither. General Barton reports that his troops received a most enthusiastic welcome on entering Klerksdorp, the occupation of which—seeing that it is an important telegraphic centre—should confer upon us a considerable advantage. It

is said that Lord Kitchener contemplates mounting every available man who can ride, and by this means he will operate more effectually against the wandering commandoes, who are now practically unencumbered with baggage. As to when the operations, which cannot be dignified by the name of war, will come to an end, it is impossible to say. Sir Redvers Buller in his speech at Exeter on Thursday said that a distinguished prisoner told him the end would come about 18 October, when the funds with which mercenaries were being paid were exhausted. The resources of the enemy are apparently as incalculable now as they were a year ago. An accident to Lord Roberts, whose horse fell with him, happily does not appear to have been of so serious a nature as was at first feared.

That the "Times" is extremely anxious for Lord Rosebery to resume the leadership of the Radical party has been obvious to all for some time past. But one of the inducements held out by the great Ministerial organ in its leading article of the 19th inst. is remarkable. It is that Lord Rosebery would be sure to draw off a considerable section of the supporters of the Government! If Lord Rosebery renounced Home Rule, we think that he would very probably attract a good many members, who now endeavour to find seats on the right of the Speaker's chair. When a party has been in power for a very long time it inevitably breeds in its household a brood of discontented persons who, like Byron's Corsairs, are "ripe for revolt and greedy for reward." In the constituencies Lord Rosebery without the Irish tail would in our opinion score even more than in the House of Commons. But what puzzles us is why the "Times" of all journals should try so hard to show Lord Rosebery how to beat the Government. Is it the desire to reduce the size of a plethoric patient? Or is there really a secret triple alliance between the "Times," the "Daily Mail," and Lord Rosebery?

The sum of the correspondence that has been running through the papers about the Liberal leadership seems to be this: that in order to create a Liberal party, the existing party must be cut in two. Anti-Imperialists like Mr. Morley and Mr. Labouchere and the Irish Nationalists are to be left to stew in their own juice; while the Left Centre, composed of moderate and Imperialist Liberals, is to criticise vigorously the administrative shortcomings of the Government. This is a good idea, for since the vapourings of the Irish Nationalists in favour of Kruger, the "predominant

partner" is less likely than ever to listen to Home Rule. But who is to carry out the cutting in two? It is an operation requiring great nerve, and though the press and the public may clamour for Lord Rosebery's knife, those who know that statesman best do not believe that he will ever dare to use it. We repeat what we said last week that Mr. Asquith combines more qualifications than anyone else for the Liberal leadership, except that he practises a profession. In no country but England would this stand in his way: but a country cannot be "the playground of the plutocrats of all nationalities" without suffering for it in some way.

Sir Henry Fowler is emphatically a Left Centre man, and in his speech at Wolverhampton he went "one better" than Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. For not only did he invite Lord Rosebery to avail himself of the open door but he expressed his conviction, as the last lesson of the election, that "the vast majority of Liberals desired that Lord Rosebery should return to his place in the councils of the party." But if Sir Henry Fowler is right, why all this acrimonious controversy? Surely "the vast majority of the party" have plenty of ways of expressing their desire. And Sir Henry Fowler omitted to say whether Lord Rosebery was wanted with or without Home Rule.

Mr. Horace Plunkett, in his speech at the dinner given to him in Dublin on Tuesday, said that the loss of his seat in Parliament did not necessarily involve the resignation of his office of Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction in Ireland. He explained that the letter of the law makes it possible for the minister to retain his office without a seat, but he also stated very decidedly that as a minister without a seat it would be his duty to resign in deference to the undoubted intention of the legislature that the post should be a parliamentary one! and in view of the distinct understanding between the Irish parties that the working head of the institution should be a "minister with a seat in Parliament and directly responsible thereto. Mr. Plunkett says that neither the success of the department nor the welfare of Ireland would be seriously endangered by his resignation; but it would be more satisfactory to know that the difficulty will be overcome by a seat in Parliament being found for him. Lord Dufferin's good-tempered but satirical remarks on those clever yet "barren rascals," the politicians, are true enough of most Irish politicians; but Mr. Plunkett's retirement from politics would be an irreparable national loss; and would, as Lord Dufferin said, produce consternation and dismay amongst all parties.

Chinese affairs do not present any new feature since the announcement of the conditions preliminary to negotiations was made. The proceedings in the Reichstag on Monday and in the French Chamber add nothing to what was previously known. In both cases the discussions came on with the presentation of the Budget estimates for expenses incurred in China, and the speeches of Count von Bülow and M. Delcassé were almost entirely retrospective or explanatory of the terms of the Powers. There appears to have been hardly any discussion in the Chamber, and the most important of M. Delcassé's statements was that Parliament must not ask to have a date fixed or require that the French troops should be withdrawn from China before the necessary reparation had been obtained. In the Reichstag the gist of the criticism related to the Emperor's speeches and the non-summoning of the Reichstag.

The Vienna "Allgemeine Zeitung" remarks that Count von Bülow was silent in one essential point, namely, what is now to be done in China and adds "Probably he does not know himself." That is the essential situation at a glance; and the others just as little. What is to be made of the attitude of America for example? Reports from New York tend to show that the States and Russia are again harking back on their old topics with somewhat more emphasis. The United States

"are indisposed to join in demands upon China for impossibilities. The United States propose, nevertheless, to remain in the concert while it is possible for it to do so but is considering withdrawal upon fair notice." It is doubtful whether the preliminary terms will ever be laid before the Chinese Court. There is a sweet simplicity about that "Deputation of advanced Chinese" to the "Standard" correspondent at Tien-tsin desiring him to urge the expediency of "insisting" that the Emperor Kuang-tsu must leave Si-ngan without the Empress Dowager. Insist! But how?

Some Indian industries seem likely to benefit by the misfortunes of their neighbours. The disturbances in China have given a fresh advantage to the tea-planters of India and Ceylon. Even Russia, hitherto a conservative patron of the Chinese leaf, is reported to have become a buyer in the rival market. Judging by what has happened elsewhere, the excellence of the Indian teas will secure their position if once they get a footing in Russia. They are already well known and appreciated in Central Asia but have latterly been shut out by the jealous policy of Russia and the prohibitive transport duties levied by the Amir. The high price of English coal is practically excluding it from the Eastern markets and the Indian coal mines have not only secured the local demand but are able to supplant English coal on the Persian and Arabian coasts.

Perhaps the most perverse of all the charges against the Indian Government in the matter of famines is that which accuses them of encouraging such calamities by criminal neglect of canal irrigation. It pleases this school to assume that every river which flows into the sea bears away potential wealth, and that all the rain which falls could and should be stored and used for agriculture. Without discussing these ridiculous assumptions, it is enough to reply that the canal irrigation system of India is the greatest creation of its class that has ever existed. The world has nothing to show like it, and it is practically altogether the creation of the British Government. The last report of the Canal Department is worth considering. The capital outlay on irrigation works now amounts to 36 millions sterling; the area irrigated last year was 18½ million acres, and the value of the crops thereby raised exceeds 27½ millions sterling. Most of this represents a food supply which would otherwise have never existed. Though these canals include many unproductive works undertaken for protective purposes, yet taken as a whole they not only add immensely to the wealth of the country but also provide a large and increasing revenue to the State. Every year sees fresh extensions which will be continued till all the practicable sources have been utilised. Unfortunately this end may even now be foreseen. There are limitations of nature on what even canal engineers in India can do.

Mr. W. P. Reeves at the dinner of the London Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday touched the weak spot of the Imperial Federation movement when he suggested that sentiment is becoming mere sentimentality. What is wanted now is some departure along practical lines. If the time is not ripe for a step forward, it is never likely to be. Lord Brassey seems to be of that opinion too, but his late colleague among Australian governors, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, thinks that Australian Federation is as far as we shall get for a generation. Mr. Reeves pointed out that we stand now where we stood in 1880. That is true so far as a federal constitution is concerned: it is not true so far as the conditions affecting the possibility of such a constitution go. In 1880 the unflinching loyalty of the Colonies to the Mother Country was assumed; in 1900 it is a fact demonstrated in the sight of the whole world. Complicated and delicate as the question of achieving federation may seem, Sir George Goldie is probably within the mark when he says that any arrangement short of federation will involve infinitely more inconvenience and trouble owing to the necessity of consulting several semi-independent legislatures instead of a single Imperial Parliament. The difficulties in the way of federation are patent, and the Chamber

of Commerce discussion emphasises them without indicating any way of surmounting them.

Ten years after the passing of the Housing of the Working Classes Act the London County Council has decided to establish a housing department. This is remarkable progress for a body claiming to be progressive. But the Radical party have never shown any practical sympathy with the movement for the better housing of the people: their record in the field of legislation compares unfavourably with that of the Conservatives. It is not surprising therefore that the Radical County Council should display neither intelligence nor energy in the administration of its large powers. For years that body failed to discover that lack of house-room was the dominant factor of the housing problem and systematically destroyed more accommodation than it provided. And its actual operations have been extremely dilatory. Now however we are asked to believe that the Council has turned over a new leaf. A housing department is to be formed and great things are to follow. But the public should bear in mind that an election is approaching and consider promises for the future by the light of the past. A well-considered and consistent policy is wanted, not spasmodic effort or electioneering zeal.

If anyone wishes to realise in a scientific way what overcrowding in the towns means, let him read Mr. Welton's address to the Statistical Society on the population of England and Wales between 1801 and 1891. In 1801 the total population of England and Wales was 8,892,536; to-day it is estimated at over 32,000,000. But this increase of nearly 400 per cent. is confined entirely to the towns, the rural districts remaining pretty much as they were. "Hence five-sixths of the area of England and Wales showed very little change in the ninety years, and the active progress of population had been restricted to little more than four millions of acres out of thirty-seven millions," says Mr. Welton. If this rate of progress is maintained, the close of the twentieth century would see some 120,000,000 human beings in England and Wales, of whom five-sixths, or 100,000,000, would be living in our towns. Unless emigration and electric tramways correct this state of things, the prospect is not pleasant. It would be curious if the science of the next century should give back to the country some of the millions who have been sucked in by the large towns.

When Mr. Justice Farwell decided in the Taff Railway case that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Engineers could be held responsible, and judgment obtained and execution taken against that society itself as such, we mentioned that the legal profession had received the decision with surprise. This week it has been reversed by the Court of Appeal. The question is a vexed one whether the law should be altered or not by Parliament, and unions given a full legal personality. There are people, by no means anti-unionists, who contend that where a society does in fact take corporate action it might technically also be treated as a corporate body. That view is strongly opposed by unionists who look on the allowance of the Taff Railway appeal as a great triumph. They are quite aware that the action of the unions in the past would have been much less mobile, if they had been in the position of a partnership or corporation. The unions owe their advantage to the original illegality and the former dislike of the legislature to confer on them any rights at all.

Some of the hostility felt towards trade unions is often due to a belief that they are anxious to accumulate funds in order to carry on strikes. The fact is that the more trade unionism spreads and funds accumulate, the less tendency there is to strike. Labour leaders have indeed frequently reproached the men for caring so much for benefit funds, as if their main object was to save the rates. In America unionism is following the same direction, as the statistical report of the State of New Jersey shows. Strike funds decrease proportionately to other reserves, and contests with capital become less in consequence. In Illinois it has been found desirable by colliery proprietors to form a union for the

express purpose of meeting the representatives of the men's union, and a large number of possible strikes have been avoided by acting on this sensible rule which English employers have so often refused to adopt either from what at the best is a mistaken notion or at the worst is caprice or stupid obstinacy.

A Report on Reformatory and Industrial Schools is not *prima facie* so likely to be interesting as it is to emphasise disagreeable facts. But the forty-third report of the Inspector draws a bright picture of boy life in these schools. It makes one wish that the whole Hooligan class could be passed through them and subjected to their wholesome discipline. The length of the report precludes anything like a summary but the impression one gets from it is such as one experiences in reading of those remarkable inventions by which apparently worthless material is turned into a product of high value. There is only one drawback and this is that the State has assumed responsibilities and been put to expenses that in many cases ought to have fallen upon parents. We would particularly call attention to the paragraphs that tell of the 2,597 old boys of the schools who have served with the army in South Africa and of the heroes who have won the Victoria Cross and the Distinguished Service Medal and of one who has been given a commission. These are boys taken from the slums and by being well housed, well fed and well educated they develop into men of whom the country may be proud. Is there not a suggestion here that the State might extend the sphere of operations which have had such splendid results as far as the experiment has been made?

No one seems to have observed the remarkable similarity of the Dumbell Bank case in the Isle of Man, which ended on Monday in the conviction of the director, managers, and auditors, to that of the City of Glasgow Bank directors some twenty years ago. The manner in which the funds of the Isle of Man Bank disappeared by huge overdrafts advanced to particular directors with the connivance of auditors and other officials, the facts being concealed by false balance sheets, is precisely similar to the case of the Glasgow Bank. The similarity extends to details such as the death of a manager of each bank before trial, who might otherwise have found himself in the same position, and the advanced age of several of the accused which furnished a plea *ad misericordiam*. In both cases the ruin and misery caused were the consequences of weakness rather than of criminal intention; and it is a curious reflection that the Dumbell Bank officials, remembering as they must have done the trial of the Glasgow Bank directors and the subsequent litigation, should have been led step by step along the same path of fraud.

It would be a very hard thing indeed to say that the result of the Dover canteen case is unfortunate because the "honourable acquittal" of Master-Gunner Acheson seems inconsistent with the equally honourable acquittal of Lieutenant à Beckett. The result of this court-martial is one that is frequently met with in the civil Courts. It is absolutely a necessary rule of both civil and military procedure that in trials of perjury it is not enough to prove that the person charged has made untrue statements in the former trial: he must be shown to have made them wilfully and that must be shown by more than the mere oath of one person against him, unless there is corroborative evidence otherwise. When this happens nothing can be done. If Acheson made statements not believed Lieutenant à Beckett's acquittal is right; if he made them without corruption, it is right he should not be branded as a perjurer.

When the plaintiff in the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton, case and the Chancellor of the Diocese of Chichester appear to discharge the rule nisi for Prohibition obtained this week against the Consistorial judgment in the matter, there should be, if the case is properly argued, as interesting and historical an argument as in the Hampden case. The point at issue is whether when a bishop appoints an Official Principal,

he can reserve any part of the jurisdiction for himself. From time immemorial (this is common ground) the Chancellor of Chichester's patent has contained this reservation. The answer depends on answering the question "What is an Official Principal?" Really to know what are the attributes of this gentleman it would be necessary to revive a canon lawyer of not later date than the fourteenth century, or perhaps a bishop of the twelfth might tell. These being impossible to produce, the Queen's Bench judges must be prepared to listen to pages of John de Athon, Lyndwood, Van Espar, Godolphin and of other canonists and civilians.

The appointment of the Rev. H. Hensley Henson to the vacant canonry at Westminster and the rectory of S. Margaret is one of those promotions which one has felt to be overdue. It not infrequently happens that brilliant ability has peculiar difficulty in securing fair recognition. Certainly intellectual mediocrity joined to a conciliatory nature is much more certain of worldly success than uncompromising strength. However, Mr. Henson is now placed in the position he is ideally fitted to occupy, and great, we say it without the smallest hesitation, will be the gain to the Church therefrom. The new Canon is one of those rare men to whom extremism is not the only alternative for mediocrity. He is not extreme; he is still less mediocre. Of course, he would have gained in popularity, had he been more amiably null. He is one of the higher critics, so the dull men on one side doubt his belief in the Bible; he is not a Ritualist, so the dull men on the other side doubt his belief in the Church. These little pleasantries are the price of ability and run off lightly. We wish Mr. Henson all possible success in his new sphere of work, and all the more so that in the past he has been a constant and valued contributor to this Review.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's sudden death will cause a greater sense of personal loss to many thousands of people, who make no pretensions to be "men of culture rare" in respect of music than if he had been as great a musician as the elect at one period of his career hoped he would become. Whatever he might have done, if he had chosen to neglect the numerous classes who are cultivated enough to appreciate the brightness and cleverness of "Iolanthe" and the "Mikado" but not too fastidious to love the "Lost Chord," he at least never corrupted whatever taste they possessed. If Sir Arthur Sullivan's life was not great in art it was not ignoble and his vivacity and brightness were devoted to increasing the pleasure and even in doing something in elevating the musical taste of a people on the whole not musical.

The tone of markets on the Stock Exchange during the past week has generally been good, though all dealings sink into insignificance beside the enormous business transacted in American Rails. The oldest members of the House cannot recall to recollection a "Yankee boom," which produced such a startling advance in prices as of late has been witnessed, nor a day on which heavier bargains have been booked than on Wednesday last. On Thursday although the tendency continued hard, prices were easier and yesterday a similar condition of affairs existed. No one regrets to see a healthy reaction and the opinion is general that a good business will be done in Americans for some time to come. A significant feature of the present movement is that the larger the buying orders executed on this side for American account, the more consistently do the purchasers demand shipment of their stock. There has been some further demand for English rails but changes on the week are not important. South African Mines seem to be creeping into favour but as on more than one occasion we have stated we cannot at present observe any grounds for the return of public interest in this department. West Australian Mines have been up one day and down the next, and excite but little interest, except amongst those who are in the know. Firmness has been observable in both Argentine and Brazilian securities, and the changes in English Government Stocks have been rare, Consols closing yesterday 98½.

ENGLAND'S DEFECTS.

LORD ROSEBERY described the traditional Rectorial address to Scottish students as not a speech, not a sermon, and not a lecture. We had some such idea as that when last week we said, speaking with knowledge of the particular type of literature in question, that Lord Rosebery's production fell below the established standard. It was really a political speech, which would have been timely and appropriate, in the mood of the nation at the present moment, in any political meeting not merely partisan. It has produced its great impression as a speech, not as a Rectorial address, and it has not been thought or spoken of as an address by the newspapers. Not a high specimen of the class to which it professedly belongs, it yet deserves the attention it has received, because Lord Rosebery had the wisdom, and the unexpected courage, to collate a large body of home truths, whose lack of novelty is more than balanced by the opportuneness of the moment when the collation is made. Behind the tumult of imperial rejoicing there is a secret feeling amongst us that it is good for us that we should be well lectured and soundly rated for our numerous faults, and reminded of our sins of omission and commission.

There is a droll element in the long recital of defects in our national character which Lord Rosebery produces against us. Before certain recent events gave so severe a shock to our complacency, we used all to pride ourselves on them in our quiet undemonstrative way as our supreme merits. We never liked a man to brag or be vainglorious in what we call the Gallic manner—but we could hardly have pardoned the Englishman who in his heart did not cherish as his sincere belief that "idol of the nation" that one Englishman was equal to at least three or four men of any other nationality. The remains of the superstition still linger in the popular mind in regard to our navy, and it would be deemed even yet almost unpatriotic to doubt that one British ship is equal to three of any foreign fleet. E'en our feelings leaned to virtue's side, and we were not in the mood to listen patiently to the catalogue of our defects. That is an attitude of mind which it has begun to strike us is as dangerous as it is ludicrous, and in fact we do need above all things at present to realise our national defects, and no longer delude ourselves with the notion that we are very fine fellows in spite of or even on account of them. We are not an intellectual nation. From time to time we produce great intellects; we have as good a record in that respect perhaps as any nation; but there is no people who less care for and appreciate the great men they have produced than the English; none for instance knows its classic writers as little as we do ours. We are the sort of people who would pooh-pooh astronomy, if we could not make use of it in navigation. This indeed we do in all departments of science. Theory, and research, and scientific method, are undervalued because we have not sufficient appreciation of their importance as the groundwork of successful practice. This intellectual limitation again makes us content with low intellectual standards, because our ideals of practice are mean. For example, content with a huckstering ethical system made utilitarianism the one popular philosophy of Englishmen; and lawyers turn with indifference from the scientific study of law because whether our jurisprudence is noble or ignoble has nothing to do with the art or artifice of winning cases in court. Lord Rosebery himself furnishes an example of this limitation, when he depreciates the teaching of Latin and Greek because the modern languages give immediate practical results. That is distinctly to lower the intellectual standard instead of insisting on its being higher, and to deprive ourselves of the most potent means of mental training that we possess. Lord Rosebery and other writers and speakers who compare our methods with the Germans, greatly to our disadvantage, might very well point out that, if they appear to be the most businesslike of modern peoples, they are also the leaders in philosophy and scholarship, and in all departments of abstract thought. Possibly our genius does not naturally tend in that direction. In pre-scientific days we won our

way by courage, enterprise, physical restlessness and other virile characteristics, which are an admirable basis from which to start, but are not distinctly intellectual qualities. They may still remain our chief distinction, but the less intellectual we are by nature the more need there is that we should have a clear conception of our special need of thorough education. At present we have too much of the complacency of the ignoramus who despises education because he does not understand his own deficiencies. When we congratulate ourselves on our good fortune in the past, and appear to think we have been saved from disaster by Providence as a sort of reward for being "Protestant," the familiar theory for instance about the Armada—we really display ourselves on the same mental level as the boor who prides himself on having "got on very well without book learning and he does not see what good it is." In fact our foolish and offensive self-complacency is as much a mental as a moral defect.

Defective intellect too, or to be more just to ourselves, defective education and training accounts for our low artistic sense. We are not speaking of the higher imaginative side of art, for apparently Englishmen are not credited with possessing even latent capacity for understanding or practising great art. What we mean is our notable slovenliness; our contentment with doing things in the rough, and then leaving them without artistic finish. The feeling of incompleteness gives us little or no uneasiness. We tolerate want of style in our literature as we excuse slipshod work in our manufactures. In hardly anything we do have we the craving for doing the thing in the most perfect manner possible. It is often said that poor work is due to want of conscientiousness on the part of workmen or servants. Far more it is due to complete insensibility of the mental satisfaction that comes from achieving perfection as nearly as may be.

We may include as consequences of this low intellectuality two other evident tendencies that seem to be increasing among Englishmen. There is a distinct falling off in the determination to direct the energies to the attainment of definite objects, and to sacrifice present comforts and advantages for the sake of possibilities in the future. It is becoming rarer and rarer to meet with young people who have a clearly defined notion of what they want to be, who have formed a plan of life, and are determined to forego lower pleasures in order to carry out some far-reaching project that has fired their imagination. Lofty ambition seems to be dying out, and youths "drift" into their occupations casually, or select them with little regard for anything but that they happen to fit in with their desire for a good time in the present. Employers of clerks know that situations are valued more if they afford leisure for sports and pleasures than if they offer a higher immediate salary, and greater opportunities of advancement in the future. This is a feature of office life which has become lately so noticeable that it is significant of a relaxation of intellectual and moral fibre amongst English youths, and must have serious consequences. The desire to enjoy life and have a larger share of its pleasures is not indeed of necessity a mark of decadence. On the contrary, it may be the demand of a larger and more cultivated mind for a fuller human life, which is of benefit both to the nation and the individual. But this would be much too optimistic a view of such facts as we are thinking of. The individual preference for an "easier place" springs not from the desire for a wider, happier life but just from the sacrifice of any such desire to immediate enjoyments. These facts will have to be considered, amongst other kinds of deficiencies, in that process of self-examination and analysis into which Englishmen are being driven by force of circumstances. If this process becomes a fixed national habit it will be a decidedly valuable addition to our somewhat meagre mental equipment.

THE SCHOOL BOARD ISSUES.

A CERTAIN prominent Progressive of the retiring School Board, who is wisely giving up talking on "the Board" for working in his parish, has expressed

the fear that as in the past, so too on this occasion, a very small proportion of the electors will take the trouble to vote. Apparently without knowing it, he has given a very adequate explanation of the public apathy almost in the very sentences which condemned it. This gentleman has pointed out with great truth that the party aspect of school-board work is a false one; it implies differences which do not exist (it also sinks differences which do), that the real question is one of persons, and that if we could easily and equally well spare most men on either side, there are some on both sides we could not at all do without. Why then should a busy man take the trouble to vote, except in the rare case where he happens to belong to a constituency for which one of the indispensable men is standing? If he thinks he could be very happy, or, as we should deem more likely, feels that he will be very unhappy with either party, why should he not remain a spectator? With every desire to stimulate civic enthusiasm, we must confess that we sympathise entirely with the majority who find it impossible to care much which party wins the School Board election. Such indifference is no evidence of indifference to educational policy; indeed it is not possible that one who really cares for and has tried to think about educational matters should take much interest in these elections, for they do not turn on educational questions. A man might read the candidates' addresses and letters to the newspapers day by day, and hear their speeches night by night for weeks and get not a single idea, not a single new thought about any educational subject. One result is quite certain; that if any hapless man did go through such a course, not only would he not vote but he would make a vow never again to touch anything remotely connected with a School Board, never to let any man broach the subject to him again, and he would keep it. It is both painful and humiliating to read the party declarations and counter manifestoes, and find everything discussed except the things that really matter. In this there is a strange difference between even the House of Commons and the School Board. When the education estimates come up, the debate, put on the right line by Sir John Gorst or Mr. Acland, turns on really educational issues, on issues which will affect the character and life of those who are to be taught. The whole conversation does not turn on whether one side paid 1s. 1d. and the other 1s. 1½d. for books or stationery.

However, there are two sides, and there are more candidates than there are places, so something in the form of a choice must be made. There will be the less danger in a so-called Moderate majority being returned on this occasion that there is no question of Mr. Diggle again appearing on the Board: that unfortunate influence in school-board politics may be regarded as finally eliminated. Not only has its eponymous hero retired or rather been forced into the background, but also very few of his former followers are anxious any longer to carry his colours. The result is entirely good. There is less of mere partisanship, of election trickery and finesse, than there has been about former contests. There is less bickering on the Moderate side about supposed excess in the ideal of elementary education. Neither side is really educational, but both are progressively so according to the standard and notions of the London School Board. It can no longer be said that the difference between the two sides is that the one wants to do less and the other more.

The Moderates, of course, charge the Progressives with financial extravagance: that is common form. But they do not make out their case, as Sir Charles Elliott has shown; and Sir Charles Elliott, if not purely Moderate, is at least not immoderate. It is probably quite possible to make an effective case on the charge of financial extravagance against the School Board as an institution: an elective board dealing with such matters will always be wasteful, for they are too many to treat the details which make up their work in a businesslike way, and too few of them have enough knowledge of their subject matter to judge where no expenditure ought to be spared, and where little or none is needed. We believe that the Board of Education could educate the children of London better for less money than does the School Board; for in that event one or two

really able men would have power. We do not argue from the case of the denominational schools, which is a misleading comparison. They spend less because, unfortunately for them and still more unfortunately for the country, they cannot get more to spend. If they had the money, as they ought to have, and from the State, they would spend far more than they do on their teachers, buildings, books and many other things. It is wonderful that they can effect what they do on their means, but they would do better if they had more. That the Board spends more per child than they do is not ipso facto any argument whatever against the Board. It is rather an examination of many of the Board's own methods that leads us to the conclusion that it could do its work quite as well for less money. But that is not to say that one party is less responsible than the other for this result. Frankly, if the Moderates were returned on Thursday next with an overwhelming majority, we do not believe that they would effect any real financial economy. On the whole, we hope they would not try, for they would probably proceed straightway to dock some obvious and absolutely necessary expenditure. It is so much easier to cut down rates in that way than patiently and scientifically to discover and stanch a thousand and one little leakages, the real cause of excessive expenditure. On the financial issue then, we see no reason to prefer the Moderates.

Then it is asserted that the Progressives have pursued a policy calculated ultimately to squeeze the Church schools out of existence. We are afraid a true bill must be found on this count. Most of the Progressives, and Mr. Lyulph Stanley in particular, believe that denominational control in education is a bad thing. Naturally, therefore they will use what power they have to cripple such control. And we think they have used it to that end. On the question of the treatment of the teachers, a vital matter, the Moderates seem to have the advantage. At least it was one of them, Mr. Bridgeman, who prevented the Progressive leader from inflicting a crying injustice on the assistant mistresses, by raising the salaries of the masters and doing nothing for them, although the mistresses do quite as much work as the men teachers and on the whole do it better. That was a very mean and shabby trick and for it the Progressives deserve to suffer, excepting of course the honourable few of them who supported Mr. Bridgeman.

We have not spoken of the issue which usually is the one difference that makes it matter which party gets in, the religious question, because it is hardly an issue before the electorate; at any rate, it is not a party issue. Some of the Moderates will, if elected, recommend that, if the parents desire it, the children shall be allowed once a week to devote "the religious hour" to denominational teaching out of school. That is certainly a small mercy: still it is better than nothing. We are so persuaded of the fallacy, the hollowness, the spuriousness of the undenominational position in religious education that we welcome even the most hesitating corrective. Theological bargains do not commend themselves to us. The least common denominator in faith does not appeal to us as a religious ideal. It is a fraud on the children, for it is only their childhood which makes it possible to impose this fiction of religious compromise upon them. Were they responsible, they would repudiate it, as every grown person does. What man or woman is not either indifferent to religion or has his own belief and belongs to the communion which professes it? Is it the undenominationalists' theory that children's faith is a sort of religious plasm out of which the species, Churchman, Baptist, Independent, or what not, is subsequently evolved? How can they with any consistency stop where they do? The Mohammedan or Buddhist parent has every right to object that board-school teaching is sectarian. If you insist on the least common denominator, it must be least and it must be common; and then you will get to the logical outcome of undenominationalism, which is no religion at all. Nothing but to will equate all the religions of the world and any that does not equate all is sectarian as against some. Arbitrarily to draw the line at the mere letter of the Bible is a position absolutely impossible for any person who has the slightest respect for his own intellect to

accept. That perhaps does not touch the majority of the School Board. But it will appeal to Parliament. There is but one way to settle the religious question. The solution was provided by the Education Bill of 1896: and this Government must make that law, and so redeem in the second term its greatest failure in the first.

THE LIBERAL IMPERIALISTS' CHANCE.

THAT small beginning of things with a big name, the Imperial Liberal Council, has passed through the stage of ridicule and reached that of abuse, a sign that its continued existence is becoming a cause of perturbation to the class of mind known as "official." We do not want to hurt the feelings of its founders when we say that it owes its three hundred members to the political views it was established to promote rather than to the attractive force of eminent personalities. Its better known names are later accretions. It has now indirectly earned the credit of administering the final blow to the tottering reputation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. Or rather it supplied that gentleman with an opportunity for self-immolation which he embraced with a fatuity for which even his maladroit record had hardly prepared us. The result has been that many Liberals, whose views do not coincide with those of the Liberal Imperialists, are asking themselves whether the time has not arrived for relegating him from the foreground to the middle distance whence he was incautiously promoted. The "resolutions" of the Council, which caused some heart-searchings among the elect, did not frighten away even its more timid members. The first denunciation by Sir Henry was ineffectual; greatly daring, the Council subsequently dined and made speeches which led to the leader's impotent exhibition at Dundee. The invitation to Lord Rosebery was Sir Henry's crowning blunder and the most amusing thing about it was that certain daily journals actually treated it as sincere. The rôle of Macchiavelli does not suit Sir Henry. Whatever Lord Rosebery's faults, he is not likely to abandon Lord Brassey and his friends for the beaux yeux of Mr. Morley. Sir Henry has therefore effected nothing save the alienation of three hundred gentlemen, whose support is of the utmost importance, in order to please a knot of discredited politicians whose principal tenets he assures us four-fifths of his party repudiate.

Undoubtedly the Imperial Liberal Council are hereby placed in a very strong position. They have plainly come into existence to supply a want, but they appear likely to jeopardise that existence by pursuing the policy we criticised last week. It is not their business to sit humbly on Lord Rosebery's doorstep. The Chairman of their Committee surely did not enunciate the views of his fellow-members when he expressed his belief that his Lordship would return "when they were worthy of him." The moot point in the eyes of impartial observers is whether Lord Rosebery is worthy of them. Their views will not "permeate" the party when they are once directed into an official channel. They will be more wisely advised if they do not clamour for a king to lead them. If they secure this object of their vows too soon, they will either degenerate into a faction or be sucked into the Styx of stagnant formulas, in which the "orthodox" Liberal is still wallowing "an unpitied victim in a despicable struggle." So soon as their own position becomes too strong to be assailable, they will find plenty of leaders ready enough to head the campaign in which the soldiers have assured success. If they are eagerly taken up by a prominent partisan too early, their existence as a force for forming public opinion will be very gravely impaired. The course they should pursue in the circumstances is dictated by the circumstances themselves. They owe no allegiance to a commander who has plainly told them that he looks upon them as interlopers and would rather see them in the enemy's ranks. No fair-minded person will dispute the sincerity of their zeal for the Empire, but there may be not improbably in some minds a doubt whether it burns as brightly for Radicalism. Their first duty, then, should be to dissipate this doubt. A

social and political programme dealing with home affairs, which could by no malevolence be interpreted as Tory, would be the best answer to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and the remnant under whose banner he apparently has elected to serve. The Liberal party in the first place must produce some coherent theory of policy which will unite its members; and in the second it must no longer cheat itself with shibboleths. The leaders, like a certain class of penitents in Dante's "Purgatory," are wandering about in a thick mist, and only recognise one another by the persistent utterance of certain well-worn formulas which they think appropriate to their unhappy situation. That situation cannot be improved by plunging deeper into the fog. One man of moderate abilities who faces the truth will do more than ninety and nine very clever ones who profess to ignore it. There is perhaps hardly a single Liberal left except Mr. Morley who believes in the ultimate possibility of Gladstonian Home Rule. Let the Imperial Liberals boldly repeat their belief to that effect, let them categorically and unconditionally repudiate Home Rule, and they will soon draw to themselves the large body of opinion which loves candour and will follow those who know their own mind. Let them put forward a reasonable plan for domestic reforms, and administrative efficiency and economy. They may meet with some ridicule and much abuse, but as they laugh best who laugh last, it is easy to see which section of the Opposition will, in no very long time, have cause for genuine merriment.

THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION UNION AND THE SCHOOL BOARD ELECTION.

THE forthcoming election of the London School Board differs from that of 1897 and still more from that of 1894 in that controversy about religious education plays but little part in the contest. The main issue is one of economy or;—how far can the rates be saved without impairing the efficiency of education? Moderates point to the absurdity of calling much of the education now provided elementary at all, and declare that saving might be effected without in the slightest degree interfering with sound and useful instruction such as Parliament meant should be freely given. The Progressives on the other hand, ignoring the intentions of Parliament and all questions of the fairness of using public money for one purpose which has been granted for another, dilate on the value of education and accuse their opponents of wishing to starve it. This is an important controversy; but those whose business it is specially to watch over religious education are but little concerned in it. The Religious Education Union is only remotely affected whether the rates be high or low, whether science and art be gratuitously taught or only the "three Rs," electrolysis or simple addition. The Union is therefore taking only a secondary part in the contest corresponding to the secondary part to which is relegated the topic it is peculiarly interested in.

This feature of the contest is disappointing to many. And, not without reason. If the objections of the Church of England to the present undenominational system are allowed to fall into abeyance, what hope is there that Parliament will ever substitute a better system? And what better way is there of urging those objections than by bringing the subject into discussion at an election of the School Board for London? It is true that the grievances of churchmen can only be very partially remedied without the intervention of Parliament. But something could be done, and the whole question threshed out at a School Board election. A contest in the metropolis is a specially favourable opportunity for bringing any matter into notice. Nohow else can the ear of the public be so well caught, its attention so effectually arrested. On the present occasion it is impossible not to feel that a chance has been missed. A new Parliament is just assembling. Two or three years are the extent of a Parliament's period of youthful vigour. In that time will one session be given to the thorny and difficult problem of religious education in elementary schools? It is an anxious question for churchmen. For if not, the hoped-for

relief must be postponed till the next Parliament. And the next Parliament may have a Radical majority. At that rate we shall have to wait ten years. Can voluntary schools and their supporters bear the increasing tension of "the intolerable strain" for ten years more? Plainly churchmen have much reason to wish that the early attention of the new Parliament should be given to their grievance. Does anyone doubt that it would have much helped to engage that attention if during this November every parish in London had been ringing with the inadequacy of the undenominational system and the necessity for some improvement? Certainly a chance has been missed.

But the responsibility for this blunder in tactics does not lie with the Religious Education Union. The Union is an energetic and useful society; but it could not on its own account carry on an agitation of the kind suggested in an effective way. The only two organisations which are adequate to the task are the Unionist party and the Church of England. Had either of these been prepared to take up the matter in earnest, the Religious Education Union might have co-operated with valuable effect. But it has been clear that neither was inclined for such a work. The reluctance of the Unionist party is not surprising. It cares little for any religious question. It does indeed desire to beat the Progressives on the School Board. But this is for the sake of the rates or perhaps merely for the electioneering record; in order that at every election Radicals may have the worst of it. The spiritual well-being of the children is not important to the mind of many sound Unionist workers. The point is rather the party win. The Church of England is well accustomed to the position of the poor relation at the table of the Unionist party—fed but snubbed—or rather perhaps of the importunate widow at its judgment seat. That the Unionist party should be disinclined to exert itself on a religious issue is what one might expect. But that the Church of England, that the widow herself should be slack in her own cause, that instead of making the place of judgment resound with her clamour, she should sit quietly at home with folded hands, placidly trusting that his worship may not overlook her suit—this is surely surprising. Yet that the religious question is not very prominent at the present election is mainly due to the attitude of the bishops and some of the leading clergy who have spiritual charge in London. So far as agitation goes, indeed, religious education owes very little to episcopal assistance. That much has been gained in the last ten years, that the attitude of Parliament and of politicians generally has been profoundly modified since the Free Education Act was passed, is true. But what has been done has been mainly the work of laymen, less of clergy, least of all of bishops. Sometimes even, as in the School Board contest of 1894, the friends of religious education have had to endure abundant douches of cold water administered by episcopal hands. But the more ordinary attitude of the bishops in these controversies may be described as one of remote benediction. They wish the combatant laity heartily well, but they do not themselves engage in the contest. In the event of defeat, they suffer no loss: if there be victory, they are ready to abound in kindly congratulation. None are more thankful than they for the zeal and energy of their lay brethren. Sometimes one is reminded of the Boer heavy artillery. It is said that the anxiety of the Boers to prevent the capture of their Long Toms greatly diminished the value of those weapons. For almost at the outset of the battles they prudently started them on a rearward trek. So with the Bishops. If the contest seems likely to be a hot one, they trek. In the last year or two this episcopal mobility has been conspicuously manifested. A couple of years ago after much consultation with Churchmen, clerical and lay, the Bishops of London and Rochester published an admirable letter in favour of the principle that children should be educated in the religious belief of their parents. But it seems that their leading clergy showed little disposition to fight the School Board contest on this platform. Whereupon the Bishops have not pressed the point further. The great guns after their single

discharge left the field of battle. It may well be they were right. To try and engage the Church of England in a serious conflict against the judgment of some of the most influential of the clergy would have been a bold, perhaps an unwise course. Upon those clergy must rest the blame of what has taken place. It is due to them that the religious question is in the background. If a chance has been missed, it is they who have missed it. It is some consolation to one's worse passions that they also will feel any consequent injury to the general cause of religious education with the acutest pain.

Though much has been left undone, something has been done. Some though not all of the Moderate candidates are prepared to support the very modest proposal that the Conscience Clause of the Act of 1870 should be loyally obeyed instead of being shamelessly evaded, and that such parents as desire it should be allowed to withdraw their children on one or two mornings in each week from the religious instruction in order that they may learn the Church Catechism outside the schools. The whole Moderate party moreover is pledged to defend voluntary schools; and the policy of economy, in itself irrelevant to religious education, is indirectly in the interest of those schools which, unsupported by the boundless resources of the rates, cannot compete with the attractions provided by an unbridled expenditure. In all the circumstances, therefore, the Religious Education Union are giving a whole-hearted though somewhat depressed support to the Moderate party.

HUGH CECIL.

PAUL JEUNE ON PAUL AÎNÉ.

ACCORDING to Paul and Pierre, Mdles. Mimi and Musette, Gaston, Bibi, and other celebrities of the Latin Quarter, France—"la belle France"—is an amazing country. Elsewhere, life is monotonous—above all things, *bourgeoise*. Take England: and you find "la phlegme." Choose Germany: infinite dullness confronts you. Italy with her incense; Belgium with taint of bluff brutality; Russia—imperturbable and impenetrable—are no more remarkable. "Mais," declares Pierre, "en France on s'amuse; on est drôle." "Aussi," observes Mdle. Mimi, "est-on spirituelle." "Et les femmes?" asks Mdle. Musette. "Elles triomphent partout," replies Paul gallantly. What a land; seriously, "quel pays!" Survey the kings of France; her emperors; her Republics. Review the present one—the Third: has it had a dull moment? "Affaires," everywhere: Wilson; Panama; Dreyfus. And then another—the "affaire" of the new century. And afterwards, when monotony might have settled, the Exhibition. And on the top of all this, ministerial downfalls; municipal elections; Patriotism; astounding trials; exiles. And now, to-day itself—the arrival of President Kruger. Seriously, "on s'amuse," "On est drôle," "on rigole." Without a doubt, Paris is gay, exhilarated invariably. "On ne se lasse pas," concludes Paul vehemently. Still—in spite of his reputation for gaiety—he has worn a mysterious, almost melancholy, expression of late. Friends have sought the cause; but Paul has only shaken his head. "Landlord," explained one. "Affaire de cœur très grave," protested another. "Jalousie effrénée," proclaimed a third. Yet Paul, at once obstinate, refused to unburden himself; and, one morning, issued forth in his broad-brimmed silk hat. Again one stared; once more one marvelled—for Paul's silk hat may only be admired at the Salon on Varnishing Day, or at a last supper, or at some other amazing ceremony. "Mystère," exclaimed the Quarter. Then, Paul produced a great German pipe; and he was called unpatriotic, and even a "vendu" and a "traître" on the spot. "Cruelle énigme," murmured the Rive Gauche. Finally, Paul's voice became guttural and his tone severe—especially when Marseilles was mentioned. And, at last, after infinite persuasion, Paul was obliging enough to announce that the silk hat and great pipe had been produced in honour of Mr. Kruger; and that he, Paul the Bohemian, wished to be known as Paul jeune in future; and that this was his way of showing his admiration for the venerable Oom—"Mon Oncle"—otherwise Paul aîné. Such a declaration naturally consti-

tuted Paul jeune biographer of Paul aîné immediately. As a raconteur, he stands alone. As a sage, he is consulted on all questions. Nothing bewilders him. He can explain everything. He is always ready; never at a loss. Months ago he was eloquent over the Boers—so harrowing were his stories, so especially appalling was his description of the slaughter accomplished by the "dum-dum," that Mdle. Mimi sought forgetfulness at Bullier's. Then, Paul held forth about China; and again he thrilled his hearers, again his anecdotes were lurid, vivid. Other matters occupied him from time to time: and he had a criticism for each, a judgment to pronounce on all. Still, Paul may be expected to surpass himself to-day; for, more listened to than ever, he sits at the top of a table, like a veritable President, surrounded by his ministers; smokes so solemnly, speaks so deliberately, that Mdle. Mimi almost imagines herself to be really assisting at a Cabinet Council in the Transvaal. . . . "Le Reichstag, n'est-ce pas?" "Non," replies Paul, "c'est pas ça. N'importe. Le nom m'échappe." A short silence ensues: it is Paul's policy to make much of his information; to wait, in fact, until Mdle. Mimi, fretting with impatience, begs him to begin. And so Paul smokes solemnly, and sips his bock; and irritates Mdle. Mimi, who says at last, "Tu sais, mon cher, je ne trouve pas que l'Oncle a une tête bien sympathique." Then Paul sarcastically inquires when Mdle. Mimi last had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Kruger: and is told that she has seen him every day for weeks—on medals, in papers, on cinematographs. And Mdle. Musette cheers; and Gaston applauds; and Pierre proclaims Paul to have been "humbled by a woman"—so that Mdle. Mimi, rising, salutes.

Suddenly, the pipe goes out. At no time has it given Paul particular pleasure—for he is not accustomed to a big bowl attached to a long, drooping stem. And so he has puffed at it; and blown upon it; and separated it; and examined it; and become tearful from its fumes; and coughed over it; and lighted it again and again. Now, since it only holds charred remains, he lays it aside—then, turning to Mdle. Mimi, declares that l'Oncle, in spite of his unsympathetic appearance, is better than he, better than anyone present, because he retires early and never lingers in a café over bock. "Pas possible," protests Mdle. Mimi. "C'est un homme, n'est-ce pas? Eh bien, il doit s'amuser comme les autres." "Jamais," declares Paul. "Il se couche à huit heures du soir; il se lève avec le soleil même à Marseilles, même à Paris, il ne fera pas la noce." And, although Mdle. Mimi is convinced that the temptation to take a bock on the boulevards will prove irresistible, Paul—Paul jeune, who ought to know—explains that l'Oncle—will say good-night on the stroke of eight; and thus be absent from all banquets, all "punches," all fêtes. Still, Mdle. Mimi is sceptical; indeed, Mdle. Mimi declares with no small emphasis that so much sobriety, so much austerity, is unheard of, altogether inexcusable, in Paris. And again she wins applause; once more she is cheered by her friend, Mdle. Musette—while Paul, the chairman, Prime Minister of Mdle. Mimi's "Reichstag," in calling for peace, points out that his words will be proved by the Uncle's acts. They—flippant children—will learn to respect the "vieillard" who has sacrificed himself for his country, and suffered for it, and —. "Et ses millions?" asks Mdle. Mimi. "Et sa femme?" demands Mdle. Musette. "Toujours à Prétoria, n'est-ce pas, avec les English?" "N'importe," replies Paul. "Tu t'égares. Il ne faut pas entrer dans la politique."

Until now, Paul has not surpassed himself. The interpellations have confused him; but he, himself, like all celebrities in France, scorns them. He takes up his pipe: and he lights it. Fumes mount again from the great bowl—by this slight act he asserts his authority; gives the meeting an air of Mdle. Mimi's "Reichstag," once more becomes Paul jeune. And Pierre is impressed by the thing—so that he orders bock; and Gaston, also subdued, remains silent; and Murger's daughters, ever amiable, raise their glasses, saying, "A toi, mon vieux: pardon le jeune." And so Paul wins their sympathy at last. Diplomat as well, he turns to the sadder side of the question: the position of the Oncle. With no small emotion, he describes

Mr. Kruger's departure from the Transvaal; his embarking; his farewell. Burghers cheer as the ship gets up steam; and the late President, straining his eyes, salutes them—stands, in spite of his emotion, in full view of the citizens until the coast grows dim. Then, he—President no longer—retires; and for days he sails, sails in quest of sympathy. And—after a while—civilisation appears, where the sympathy should be found. And then, the President deposed, asks himself, "Shall I succeed?" And so his heart is full, his eyes are full, his emotion is extreme, when he reaches Marseilles. Friends welcome him; there are cheers, cries of "Vive Kruger"; and bouquets are presented. In the streets, however, police are about—on foot, also mounted. Timid tradesmen put up their shutters. The "Canaille" picks pockets. Thousands watch. And past them all drives the deposed President Kruger. Addresses are offered and speeches are made at the banquet that takes place afterwards—but both are unofficial, so that the sympathy is not useful. Then, the journey begins—the European tour—the journey in quest of sympathy. And the sympathy is universal; but not official. "Aime donc," says Paul to Mlle. Mimi, "le vieillard." And the assembly sighs. "He has suffered," goes on Paul, "and he has come to France—la belle France—where one is generous, where one is chivalrous, where one is also gay—for consolation." And the audience agrees. "A la bonheur," exclaims Paul. "Vive l'Oncle!" cry Pierre and Gaston. "Vive," echo Mdlles. Mimi and Musette, "Paul aîné!"

THE IRISH PEASANT.

IT is an eloquent testimony to Mr. Horace Plunkett and his work for Ireland, more eloquent than last Tuesday's banquet itself, the melancholy amend for an act of ingratitude black even for Irish political history, that his words left one thinking not of the ill-treatment of the speaker but of the fortunes of his care, the Irish peasant. So completely has he sunk himself in his work that the benefactor is forgotten in the beneficiary. And what sort of a person is he, this Irish peasant, for whom Mr. Plunkett has been working so hard? From the Manchester point of view it must be confessed he is a hopeless person: his appliances of comfort are to the last degree rudimentary, and his desires are wholly unprogressive. He does not aspire to better himself in the world, he wishes to live where his fathers lived before him and as his fathers lived, cherishing their beliefs, their hopes, and their few pleasures. Once uprooted from his native soil he became—that is if he survived the process—a very different being; in America he prospered, and if he did not amass money that was generally because he insisted upon sending home his savings, to assist his parents or his kin to prolong in the old spot their miserable existence in defiance of economic laws. And so it seemed to successive Governments, as well as to economists generally, that the best thing to do with the Irish peasant was to civilise him off the face of the earth; to assist emigration rather than restrain it; and by all means to aspire to a state of things in which whole tracts of country, that carried as things were a large population, should be turned into sheep runs, or game preserves, after the example of happy Scotland. And yet, now that the Manchester ideas have had free play for half a century, it becomes a question whether the rude instinct of the Gaelic peasant teaching him to stay where he was, might not with advantage have been respected, and whether after all there was not something in the old view that Government should seek to increase, rather than to diminish, the population of the country governed. For, as things stand, the progress of progressive desire in England has left the land bare of tillers; and the scanty supply of agricultural labour is drawn annually in great part from the Irish who linger uneconomically on the fringes of civilisation. From the North and West of Ireland harvesters flock over to England in troops; the end of May sees the steamers filling with them, and September brings them back, each man having saved in that time ten or fifteen pounds out of a weekly wage that runs from fifteen to twenty shillings. During these

months they lie about in barns and haylofts, returning year after year as a rule to the same districts; and with autumn they go back to the little cottage—hovel would be a truer word—and find the tiny patch that they had sown or planted before leaving perhaps only ripe for reaping, perhaps harvested already by the women and the old men, perhaps battered out of recognition by rough weather or rotten with the blight. But the money earned across the water pays the little rent, and clears off the account scored up during the year for tea, flour, and sugar, and the other frugal necessities. And in the meantime these people have been helping to solve one of the most urgent problems that Great Britain has to face—how to prevent the accumulation of all workers in great noisome towns. It is worth while to consider whether after all the highest wisdom consists in driving this class of workers—for workers they are, though only during summer—into a strange life over seas.

These unprogressive Kelts are content with conditions of life that the English working-man despises. They do not demand fresh meat, nor even salt meat daily, they house themselves little better than their cattle, and in many places under the same roof; but they do desire and strive after certain things to which the English working-man is indifferent. They desire clean air, and the familiar face of nature on which their eyes dwell in half-conscious pleasure, as a man's on the features of his wife; they desire to perpetuate old associations, they desire the ministrations of their priest and an atmosphere where their own faith is the faith of everyone; and most of all perhaps they desire the congenial society of their own race. The Irish peasant is naturally sociable, he has the genius for it that makes him good company even with a stranger; but his chief pleasure probably lies in the long talks with his own folk. One comfort at least is seldom denied him; where peat fuel abounds no cottage need know a fireless hearth; and in the wildest and most desolate places houses cluster thick together and talk lasts far into the night. Nor is that all. In some counties, but chiefly in West Donegal, there is dancing; and since paraffin gave a cheap means of lighting, in certain parishes hardly a night passes without its dance. These people are not driven to the towns, as English labourers are, by the leaden dullness of daily life; they do not need the cheap music hall to stir up their wits. Politics interest them, and they gossip over their own doings and neighbours like the rest of us; but those who know them best testify that their main preoccupation is with the wonderful fairy world, that makes a background to daily existence. Mr. Yeats in a charming book has described the "Celtic Twilight," and he is only one of many observers, some of whom have written with the more intimate knowledge of the Keltic life that only Gaelic speakers can come by. The latest of them, Mr. Daniel Deeney, is, at a guess, a national schoolmaster; whoever he is his little book of "Peasant Lore,"* is excellently done.

The Irish are shy of imparting these tales to a stranger; it is unlucky to talk about the "good people" without due respect; and the fear of ridicule is deep implanted in their minds. But wherever Irish is still spoken, and in many parts where it is not, every man woman and child believes in the existence of a fairy folk, sometimes helpful sometimes harmful, but always needing to be propitiated in little ways—for instance by spilling on the ground the first couple of drains when a cow is milked. And the talk when peasants meet is full of stories how this man was beaten, and that one received a warning, and how another saw the "gentry" and "never did good after" but pined away in a kind of dream. And it is not only the fairies that hover all about the living but the dead also—a belief which fifty years ago would have been counted laughable but now seems to many at least as likely to be true as any other faith. If we are willing to take seriously such a notion as one which Mr. Henry James put into a book lately, that the spirits of the dead linger on earth, and urge the living to evil for a vicious satisfaction of their own lusts, we may surely

* "Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland." Collated by Daniel Deeney. Nutt. 1s.

look with kindness on the kindly superstition that bids Irish peasants sweep the hearth and range chairs round it duly before they go to bed, that the dead of the house may find all ready for their homecoming.

At all events these beliefs, and the numberless others like to them which Mr. Deeney sets down as examples, are part of the Keltic atmosphere, and the Irish peasant desires to live among those who see the world as he sees it himself, with this background of dim half-comprehended shapes. They are part of the spell that holds him by sympathy to his native earth, and it would be well if, in dealing with an imaginative race, we relied a little on imagination. It is not well that people should live always within the grip of famine, but the true remedy is not to banish the people but to banish the shadow of dearth. And the thing can be done. For centuries the Western peasant lived on a seaboard where there were fish to be caught, but he had not the means nor the skill to catch them, nor to sell them if caught. At last the Congested Districts Board took the matter in hand, or rather put it into capable hands, and gave not only the needful advance of money, but sent down teachers and overcame the resistance of a people who, as Mr. Horace Plunkett testified—and no one has a better right to testify—are no idlers, but are extraordinarily slow to move on new lines. And now the fishing industry is established from Donegal to Clare, and many a man lives at home and earns a decent living who, but for the Board, would be in America or the poorhouse. Workers agree that the task of getting the Irish peasant to make a new departure by himself is all but hopeless; he will do what his father did before him and his neighbours do beside him. The deterrent is not idleness, but that fear of ridicule which has been a power in the land since the days—fifteen centuries ago—when the order of the bards exercised all but a tyranny in the country by the gift of satire. On the other hand the Irish nation seems to lend itself strangely to innovation by groups, and there is no part of the British Isles where co-operation can show such surprising results. But these results have been attained by men who realise that you can do nothing with the Irish by laughing at them, nor by scolding them, nor can you radically change their nature. What they have done has been to develop the Irish quickness on its own lines, making full allowance for the prejudices and superstitions of the people, and realising that with all these drawbacks—if one must call them drawbacks—the people are the most valuable belonging of the country. And when one sees the Irish peasant as he may be seen in a barren country like North-Western Donegal, or in one of the little islands off Connemara that carry a population wholly disproportioned to their size, it is impossible not to ask oneself whether these folk who live on a mere pittance happy, healthy, and contented lives among beautiful open spaces of sea, sky and mountain, preserving their natural and national courtesy of speech and demeanour even under rags, would be really better off if they lived as men live in Sheffield or the slums of Lambeth, with two pounds a week and two meat meals a day.

VENATOR LOQUITUR.*

MR. OTHO PAGET is entitled to speak with a practical experience of hounds and hunting which he never over-asserts. The result is that he has written a useful and pleasant book worthy of its predecessors in a useful and pleasant series. It is true that the dozen chapters devoted to foxhunting in all its branches leave the principal personages and their affairs very much as he found them, nor, except in one or two rather questionable cases, can Mr. Paget be said to have found new premisses for novel conclusions, but he tells us many true and interesting things in a modest and yet informing way.

At first I prepared myself for squalls and controversy, for he starts with a declaration of independence which stimulated my curiosity and made me look for a new quill pen. "When I disagree" he says in one of

his introductory sentences "with well-known authorities I shall probably be in the wrong, but you must give me the credit for an honest belief in my own convictions." And he warns his readers in rather mixed metaphor that doctors differ, and that he cannot be expected to wade into the disputed waters of the graver hunting questions without stirring up some mud and laying himself open to hostile criticism. Such hints were surely to prepare one for doctrines as subversive of the accepted morals of the hunting field as—say—Free Love in the family circle. But nothing of this sort appears: and the "Now I'm going to begin" promise is not kept. Our author is content, and perhaps well advised, to jog and canter us, we never really quite gallop, along the high road, noticing suitably the familiar objects of interest and calling for a reasonable time at all the public-houses. No doubt the journey is agreeably beguiled by much shrewd observation and genial experience; indeed he tells us so many true and interesting things in an unambitious and cheerful way that for my own part I quickly recovered from a disappointment which was not altogether unexpected.

There is no "Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona" about Mr. Paget's appreciations of earlier or contemporaneous hunting literature. A book claiming to be original, he declares, should not be a crib from previous writers, and if you want their opinions go and buy their books. He is as good as his word, and there is an enjoyable abstinence from quotations from the usual classics. As a master of beagles we hold him to be hardly civil to Xenophon who admirably described a hare hunt over the bare hills of Attica, which might stand now for a run with harriers in a down-country. Somerville is alluded to as an early writer on the noble sport, but we hear no more of him: the contribution levied upon Beckford is insignificant, only once does he rely upon Mr. Jorrocks, though that once with felicity of point and selection, and he eschews altogether and to our great relief such fatiguing authorities as Dame Juliana Berners and her Black Boke. All this is for the best, and the author throughout is admirably free from exaggeration and prejudice. His remarks upon the relations which should be cultivated between owners of coverts who rear and preserve pheasants in a large way, and their foxhunting neighbours, exhibit a judicial and impartial spirit which cannot be too highly commended.

In a chapter on Riding our author advises the beginner in a strain which will impress him with a due sense of the responsibility of riding to hounds or jumping fences. There are certain rules, Mr. Paget tells his young friends, which it is incumbent upon them to observe for their own safety and the common welfare; and then come the rules. "The most important is to ride at a direct right angle to the fence you intend to jump. If you espy an easier place either to the right or left, you must look behind first to see if you will cross anyone else by taking advantage of it. You should be at least two hundred yards ahead of a man when you cross him, but it is difficult to state an exact distance as much depends on the pace he is going. If however there is room for you to cut in without the man having to check the speed of his horse, you are quite safe; but remember when you diverge either to the right or left, you are taking another's place, and it is your duty to see that you do not thus impede his progress" and so on. No doubt this works out all right. Mr. Paget himself, as I can testify, is a capital exponent of his own instructions. At the same time there would appear to be many more things to be done, avoided, and calculated than one had ever surmised, and on first reading the various cautions I felt about it all, as the blasé dancing man at last felt about waltzing, that what we might gain in going forward we must lose in turning round. The beginner is very properly warned against jumping on people, and of the unpleasantness this practice is apt to cause. In a brief and semi-official connexion with a pack of hounds and an ardent field, it was my fate to be jumped on more than once. As long as one is not unduly hurt it should be taken as a compliment, though one need not strive to smother the d—n which rises to one's lips, as Mr. Paget, with a stoical philosophy which

* "Hunting." By J. Otho Paget. Haddon Hall Library. London: Dent, 1900. 7s. 6d.

does him credit, bids us do when suffering the pain of a crushed leg through the awkwardness of a fellow-sportsman. It is hardly ever so bad as the moral pain suffered by the man who jumps on you. Again I am speaking from experience.

Few who have hunted with the Quorn and Cottesmore but will affirm Mr. Paget's selection of Tom Firr, Lord Lonsdale, and Mr. Cecil Chaplin for conspicuous excellence as cross-country riders. Would that he had told us something about their styles of riding and getting to hounds which he says differ in all three. However he describes Firr's riding in a sentence which is as effective as volumes. "He sailed quietly over the biggest fences as if they were gaps, and he was such an excellent rider that you never noticed his riding." If this not-to-be-noticed be a commendation, as in Mr. Paget's eyes it seems meant to be, this cannot be said of Lord Lonsdale, whose horsemanship imperiously fills the eye. On this score a critic indeed might find a shade too much "rigour of the game" about Lord Lonsdale's method and appointments. His riding is an exact science, an elaborated art, but just to that extent it lacks the imperturbable elegance and good humour which in fiction distinguished the Hon. Crasher, and in real life recounts the horsemanship of Mr. Lewis Flower.

Mr. Paget's horses are rather conventional animals: and he has no stories about individual horses or horse-dealers. We all know, we have all been misled by, the bold generous eye, the strong loin, the powerful quarters, the deep girth and so on. But he is as great a stickler for blood as Dick Christian, who told the Druid he never knew a big thing done in the hunting way in Leicestershire "but what it was done by a thoroughbred horse," and he insists on shoulders quite as strongly as the late Mr. Robert Chapman. Shoulders, said this authority, are a luxury, but hind legs are a necessity. Mr. Paget it seems would all but put it the other way. His good word for the dealers and his opinions upon the ethics of horse-dealing have my entire concurrence. In effect he points out that both buyers and sellers make their mistakes and have to make the best of them. Nearly everybody who is by way of riding at all thinks himself a good judge of a horse, and of its value, and nine men out of ten are quite willing to "enter the arena," as Mr. Paget puts it, and try conclusions with a dealer's sharper wits and trade experience. Do not cry out, he says, if you get worsted in the encounter, and he adds sensibly and justly "the man who gets the worst of a bargain is very liable to say or think he has been cheated, forgetting that he has used all his special knowledge to turn the balance in his own favour, and has tried his utmost to get the better of the other party."

In his writings at all events Mr. Paget gets the better of any inclination he may have to realise his impressions of skies and landscape, or of their parables and companionship. I doubt not that, on his way home from hunting, Mr. Paget has often been grateful for a ragged sunset in February, with the crest of the Punchbowl dark against its indigo and orange, or to quote one of the very few little bits of water-colour in words for "a grey sky looking down on a clear landscape, with the fences outlined black and sharp against the green of the fields;" but in print at all events he cannot diversify for us the codeless education of nature like Sir Edward Grey. Nor has Venator the turn and touch of literary phrase which distinguishes Piscator's charming contribution to the Haddon Hall Library and to fly-fishing. At the same time Mr. Paget pleases me by the directness of his English. If, to be critical, he is at times almost puzzlingly concerned to make himself clear, at others he hits off exactly not only the meaning he desires to convey, but the "feel" as it were which he wishes us to experience. What can be better than this and his choice of the adjective "irritating"? It occurs in the best of several good chapters in the book "The Art itself." Posing as an amateur huntsman making his debut his first season with a strange field, he has got the last cub in a big wood away, and it looks like a bit of a gallop. But after two or three grass fields comes a fallow and, after carrying a feeble line into the middle

of it, hounds can make no more of it, and look up at their huntsman with fond yet embarrassing inquiry. What's to be done now? "A bright September sun is shining down on the hard-baked soil, and somewhere in the clear blue sky overhead a lark is singing his morning song in a peaceful irritating manner." I have never hunted hounds, yet I know with foreknowledge absolute that this is just what would happen; and that irritating is precisely the effect which the unpremeditated art above would produce upon my baffled craft below. And again he pleases me particularly here. A shepherd has turned the fox—though of course he has not seen him—for Mr. Paget is perhaps at his best when dealing with the troublesome changes and chances of a run. "One or two of the old hounds are drawing on like pointers, feeling for a scent which they know is not far away." That is good writing—a vivid picture, just as the preceding passage is a distinct feeling—in a score of words.

Here and there Mr. Paget treats us to notions which appear to be quite his own, though he is, perhaps prudently, studious to guard himself against anything like patent rights; such for instance as that a perfectly balanced horse will never be a really hard puller, and that, however "tender-nosed," a hound will very seldom develop a capacity for hunting a road until he is in his third or fourth season. On a suggestion of Beckford's he advances a bold theory to account for the effect of an approaching storm on scent, which we should never have expected from boots and breeches. We know says our hunting-field Koch that the fermentation of milk is caused by a bacillus, and that a thunder-storm will cause milk to turn sour in a few minutes. May not, he asks his readers, the scent be swallowed up by the numerous bacteria in the air, and may not the storm hasten that result in the same way it does with milk? They will do well to reserve their reply. Then he is great on smells, and it appears that we ought all to recognise each other much more quickly by "our own individual smells" than by our figures or even our features. Luckily though, according to Mr. Paget, we have lost the more delicate perceptions of our smelling organs, and it is only the grosser scents now that can touch our decadent nose-nerves. In his own way too he is a courageous statistician; he puts the odds at 3 to 1 on the fox in an average country with a fair huntsman and a good pack of hounds, and at 5 to 1 against the hare with a "smart" pack of 20-inch harriers. Then in the best interests of sport he has worked out an accurate system of polyandry for fox society—calculated to revive the age of chivalry. One vixen to every seven dog-foxes in the country; and in the "Farmer" chapter he examines the practice of buying forage direct from the farmer in quite a Giffenish mood. All Mr. Paget has to say about this is well worth reading. He writes with real knowledge of the pros and cons and with fairness to dealer, farmer, and middleman alike. This is sagacious counsel to the would-be benefactor of the agriculturist. "Unless, however, your balance at the bank permits you to pay ready money, do not purchase forage from the farmer, or you will do more harm than good." And he points out that the dealers buy the farmer's wheat and other grain which are useless to a foxhunter, and in this and in other ways are on the whole the farmer's best and staunchest customers.

At times our author touches a note of the inwardness of hunting which I am not always up to taking. For instance one of very many other things needful in a huntsman is being "doggy;" but now comes the hard part: it is a grace born with the man and can never be acquired. In that case it is no use trying, though few persons will ever have associated the guttural or cheerful exhortations of hound-language with a divine gift—except perhaps a really tingling scream when he's away. Well, it cannot be helped, and at all events there is this to be said: many heaven-born "doggy" men in our midst would be quite as inconvenient as a visitation of poets. Neither my space nor my ability permits of reference to the chapters allotted to stag, otter and hare hunting. They seem to be very well able to take care of themselves, and I must bid our author farewell.

"Hunting," says Mr. Paget, "is a sport on which the last word will never be spoken." I fear that he is right. But let me sincerely congratulate him on what he has had to say about it himself. Mr. Paget addresses himself all through these pages to an "imaginary beginner." Alas! many years, and in most of those years a little hunting, forbid my falling in with any such inspiring hypothesis; but as a middle-aged stager I closed with regret a book I read with pleasure.

RIBBLESDALE.

ÆSCHYLUS MADE RIDICULOUS.

I DO hope that Cambridge, despite the ignorant or insincere eulogies that have been raining on it from the daily press, feels heartily ashamed of its stupid, tawdry perversion of the "Agamemnon."

I hoist no pedantic standard. I do not suggest that without strict archaeological accuracy Greek tragedies cannot be finely presented. I see no reason why the "Agamemnon" should not be impressive in an ordinary modern theatre. It could not, certainly, be so deeply impressive thus as in a theatre like that for which it was written. The primitive, elemental largeness of Æschylus harmonises with sky and sunlight better than with footlights and an ornamental ceiling. In the overt theatre of Bradfield, where we saw the "Agamemnon" last summer, the original spell of the tragedy seemed to fall on us in all its fulness; our hearts were opened to the full measure of the theme, and to all the poet's music. In a modern theatre there must needs be some sense of incongruity between the tragedy and its surroundings, however reverently the tragedy be produced, however ably rendered. And therefore, I think, the committee of fourteen dons responsible for the Greek play at Cambridge would have been wiser not to project the "Agamemnon" this year, not to challenge so direct a comparison with Bradfield. They should have produced some other play—why not the "Choephoroe"?

But this is a mere "aside." My main objection is, not to the fact that the play has been produced, but to the very vile manner of its production. Duly allowing for the large number of cooks engaged in making the broth, and for the kind of saucepan they had to make it in, I maintain that the concoction need not have been disgusting. Disgusting it was, to anyone who has any love for Æschylus. Surely, (one would have thought,) the fourteen committee-men would have had one common aim in producing a tragedy of Æschylus, however much they might have differed as to the means whereby that aim was to be accomplished: surely, they would have agreed that a large, chaste, abstract simplicity must be the keynote of the production. On the contrary, they seem to have determined that the affair must be as elaborately realistic as possible. Æschylus, they seem to have thought, must be brought up to date. He must be mounted as Shakespeare is mounted, as M. Rostand, as Mr. Stephen Phillips. Here was their primary error. Shakespeare may be—ought to be, as I think—elaborately mounted; for he wrote with romantic realism for a stage which was already struggling (even without his guidance) towards elaboration of scenic effect. The romantic realism of his method could not, in his day, find its full expression on the stage. We, after the lapse of three centuries, are finding its full expression. But Æschylus is quite another matter; there was no romantic realism about him. He was, from first to last, a classic idealist, and he was perfectly content that his art should be conditioned by such arbitrary means as were at his disposal. So soon as we expand those means, we do that which is discordant from his art, and fatal to it. So soon as we introduce "scenic effects," his severity becomes baldness, his abstract figures—those statues!—become shadows, his supernatural poetry becomes bombast. Yes! elaboration of scenery is fatal to him. At Cambridge there was not merely elaboration: there was ugly elaboration. The palace of Agamemnon was strangely like the Alhambra Palace of Varieties, Leicester Square. It may have been, as it professed to be, archaeologically like a Greek palace. The Greeks did paint their buildings, and may have made them as hideous as the

Cambridge scene-painters had made this one. But that is beside the point. There is little or no evidence as to the manner in which scene-painting was done by the Greeks; and it is right to assume that the *orchestra* for a royal palace was not, in Æschylus' day, a tawdrily realistic affair which would have contradicted the whole spirit of his writing, but rather a chastely simple affair in accord to that spirit. It is right, also, to assume that the carpet spread for Agamemnon's entry was not the kind of grandiose article which one is liable to behold through plate-glass in the Tottenham Court Road—not the kind of article which has commended itself to the committee of fourteen. Before I pass from the visual aspect of the production, I must ask why the crowd which accompanied Agamemnon should have been dressed like the figures in the Scriptural chromo-lithographs, which are still to be found in some seaside lodgings? "Abraham in red, offering up Isaac in blue" is not the best source of inspiration for the costumiers of a Greek tragedy, and is objectionable on grounds beyond the essential difference between Hebraism and Hellenism. I must also ask why the altar of Dionysus was made to look like a font in time of harvest-festival, piled up with pears, apples, grapes, melons and bananas. I had always understood that this altar, in the Greek theatre, was crowned simply by a sacrificial flame. Cambridge may have some authority for its display of the fruiterer's best; if it has, I shall be glad to know what the authority is. But probably the display was made without reference to archaeology; probably, the fourteen dons thought it would strike a cheerful note. Though ugly, it was decidedly cheerful, and so, perhaps, from the standpoint of the committee, it was justified. Cheerfulness, a cosy, modern cheerfulness, seems to have been their aim throughout. The fact that they did not achieve their aim is due to the impossibility of making Greek tragedy cheerful. This ancient form cannot produce an effect similar to that which is produced by (say) comic opera, even though it may be robbed so cunningly of its dignity as to make it no more impressive than comic opera. Nothing could have been less impressive than the "Agamemnon" at Cambridge, and yet nothing could have been more dreary. Even if the committee had had the courage to do their work thoroughly, even if they had engaged Mr. Lionel Monckton to intersperse "additional numbers" in Sir Hubert Parry's cheerful music, and had composed the chorus of pretty girls, not of grey-bearded undergraduates, their production would have disappointed them by exhilarating no one. Æschylus must be taken as he is, or left.

The acting was in key with the rest of the production. The elaborately realistic and cheerful setting was matched by elaborately realistic and cheerful acting. None of the actors seemed to have the slightest inkling that Æschylus was simply a tragic poet, creating, not real characters, but abstract figures, who were to express in a grand manner certain tragic emotions. Even Mr. J. F. Crace (Cassandra), though he did strike the note of tragedy, never struck the right note of it. He was acting all the time, acting realistically, instead of merely giving forth, solemnly, for all it was worth, the poetry which Æschylus had put into his lips. But, certainly, he acted well, according to his lights, and I hope to see him hereafter in a modern tragedy. The other actors I am not anxious to see again. With the exception of Mr. F. H. Lucas, who, as Clytemnestra, showed that he might do very well in modern comedy, none of them seemed to me to show any talent of any kind. Agamemnon, the Herald, Ægisthus, the Chorus—in point of sheer dufferdom, there was nothing to choose between them. However, that is no great matter. One does not expect undergraduates to be good actors. What one does expect in a Greek tragedy at a university is, that the mimes shall show some signs of having been coaxed towards a proper conception of their parts by the scholars who are responsible for the production. These mimes showed no such signs. And, seeing how the scholars themselves had conceived the production of the play, I can only assume that the mode of the mimes' performances was well in accord to the scholars' wishes.

The whole thing was discreditable to what is, after

Oxford, the most distinguished of our Universities. To an Oxonian even Cambridge may seem a bad second, but it is indisputably a second. Being so, it ought to keep jealous guard over its reputation, ought to do nothing which would shock an intelligent foreigner. Wherefore, I do hope that any guilty qualms which its travesty of the "Agamemnon" may have caused in its conscience, will not have been lulled by the congratulations it has had from anonymous critics, of whom those that are not its own pious *alumni* must have read the name of Æschylus for the first time when they received their tickets for the performance. Let Cambridge be sure that my criticism represents the view of everyone who has seen its "Agamemnon" with a competent and disinterested eye. Let it make a discreet effort next time. Its special devotion is, we know, to science and mathematics rather than to the classics. But that is no excuse for desperation. Oxford does not confuse alkalies with alkaloids, nor maintain that $2+2=5$. Nor need Cambridge make hopeless hash of a Greek tragedy.

MAX.

"TRISTAN" AT BRUSSELS; "AGAMEMNON" ELSEWHERE.

WHEN I made up my mind to attend the performance of "Tristan" at the Monnaie on Tuesday, it was more in a spirit of curiosity than anything else. Frankly, I anticipated something quite shockingly bad.

I was pleasantly disappointed. To begin with, the opera was generously, handsomely, mounted from beginning to end. There were no impossible trees and insufferable backcloths. The arrangement of the ship was the best that I have yet seen; the second scene was sufficiently romantic, its atmosphere was distinctly that of a hot summer night, and its distances had a suggestion of the mystery of the woodlands; the third scene, Tristan's broken-down castle, was exquisitely beautiful. The costumes were good, even if some of the savage warriors looked a little too much as if they had just returned from a promenade in the old-world substitute for Rotten Row. Opera directors are not to be lightly praised, for when they are blamed they too often take it the wrong way; but I am compelled to congratulate the directors of the Monnaie on the skill, artistic enthusiasm, knowledge and care they have shown in this production. The gentlemen of the orchestra played better than might have been expected in the circumstances. Without exception the principals distinguished themselves; and the total result was a representation equal to any we have had at Covent Garden, though, of course, one missed the voice and wonderful art and passion of Jean de Reske. Not that Dalmores was a bad substitute. On the contrary, he was excellent. Indeed, after Jean he is the best Tristan I know. His stage presence is commanding enough; he understands thoroughly the drama and the music—he seems to me, in fact, one of the best equipped musicians, if not the best, on the stage; his voice is fine, though not perhaps of the very finest quality; and his vocal art, though yet far from perfect, is genuine and untainted by any of the favourite monkey tricks of the tenor. If Mr. Higgins intends to let us have "Tristan" at Covent Garden next season—and it is to be hoped that London is not to go "Tristan"-less for another year—he cannot do better than make another trip to Brussels and hear Mr. Dalmores. His interpretation last night was, for a first trial in a part crowded with overwhelming difficulties, wonderful. In the second act he was passionate until the advent of King Mark, and then Tristan's astonishment to find himself at heart unashamed in the presence of the man whose trust he has betrayed, his sorrowful bewilderment to find himself regarding as an object to be hated for an interloper the man he loves best, his utter inability to explain the whole puzzling situation that has arisen—these were all admirably indicated. The big monologue in the first part of the last act is more difficult to do; and Mr. Dalmores will make more of it when he has played the part more frequently. It is Wagner's profoundest piece of music, and all Jean de Reske's intuitive comprehension of its

meaning, his art, and his wonderful mastery of his voice—that voice that changes its colour miraculously from moment to moment, as clouds do in a sunset sky—they are all needed to interpret the thing adequately. Of Valliers I have already spoken; but I must remark on the superb beauty and dramatic strength of his rendering of Mark's speech at the end of the second act. One could not hope, nor indeed wish, to hear some of the phrases delivered with a finer pathos. As for Litvinne, she now sings Isolde with surprising force and unflinching accuracy. The Kurvenal, Seguin, was good; about the Brangaene, played by a débutante, Miss A. Dorid, I do not venture to say anything at present. I do not wish to give the impression that the performance was at all like a concert in which a number of fine artists took part. It was a genuine interpretation of the drama: the singers played loyally into one another's hands; and the result was that Wagner's purpose became as clear as the day. The three great climaxes stood out and in their proper progressive intensity. Three times we have the lovers surrounded by friends whose talk they cannot understand: in the first act it is the talk of commonsense, Brangaene and Kurvenal trying to make Tristan and Isolde behave themselves so as not to be compromised in the eyes of the world, and that they cannot understand, absorbed in their passion; in the second act Mark makes an affectionate appeal to them, and their passion compels them to loath his affection, which tends to separate them; in the third act we see the pure affection of Mark and Brangaene matched against Isolde's passion for her dead lover, and again passion prevents the language of affection being in the least understood. Human affection means nothing to Isolde: for the sake of her one passion, which is all that life offers and means to her, she passes joyfully out of life, never offering so much as a word in response to the appeals of Brangaene and Mark. That these three tremendous situations were rendered clearly, unmistakably, shows with what splendid art the Brussels artists did their work.

Alas! that it is not possible for the critic of a weekly journal, like the critics of some daily papers, to be in two or more places at once! It would have been pleasant to hear the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus with Max at Cambridge this week, my duty being to say something of Sir Hubert Parry's music. I have always been one of Sir Hubert's best admirers. That is, while his flatterers have insisted on the greatness of his oratorios and symphonies, I have always told him that the day of oratorio is past and that he has no talent for symphony writing. As a writer of incidental music for plays, especially if the plays are light, he has a great talent: he has a good deal of humour; he has a ready flow of not over-distinguished tune; and in such things as his music for the "Frogs" of Aristophanes, which Mr. R. R. Terry gave some years ago at Leatherhead, he is always eminently successful. When he tries his hand at more serious work, one feels at once that the agreeable, kindly gentleman, capable of rattling on in an amusing way, has really no serious vein in him to be worked. His lighter music is genuine stuff, original and spontaneous, touched always by a charmingly young and fresh spirit; but as for his huge efforts, however they may affect other people, they only bore me. There is a curious fact to be noticed about Sir Hubert Parry's serious music. It is not more full of reminiscences than the music of much greater and of much smaller men; yet it always leaves one with the impression that one has heard little else than reminiscences. What is the reason? Surely, simply this: that the big men are occupied altogether in saying a big thing and weave their thefts into phrases that express the big thing, and that the little men weave their thefts into phrases expressive of the little thing; while Sir Hubert, occupied mainly in spinning a web of tone that looks (rather than sounds) like an imitation of the big music, sets his inevitable borrowings into no original phrases whatever. In his bigger attempts there is nothing but borrowings and industry. "Agamemnon" is not to be treated lightly; but at any rate Sir Hubert Parry cannot but have felt that his music was only incidental: he cannot have been oppressed by the weight of the task as he always is in, for example, a symphony. Consequently,

judging from the piano score, he has written music, which though not great, seems likely to be appropriate and always effective.

J. F. R.

NEW ENGLISH ART, 1900.

"When the Wicked Man . . ."

WE know the stir and rustle of the congregation that drowns the rest of the words, deprived by repetition of their meaning, except as the signal for the beginning of worship.

Criticism, like worship, has its customary rubrics. There is some little variety in the openings with which it is usual to begin notices of the New English Art Club. I understand the professional reasons that prompt the mumbling of these paragraphs before the plunge is taken into names and pictures; but for my part I think for the future I shall condense the intention of them all into this compendious form, "*When the Wicked Man . . .*"

For these exordiums, repeated year by year, strike one rather by their general intention to occupy space with a mild viciousness than by the aptness of the stroke. They used to take the form "These young men think themselves very original; but their experiments are not so new after all. By and by they will sober down and then we shall see if there is anything in them. . . ." Now the favourite formula is "There was a time when these painters were amusing and promising, but those youthful days are past, and now they are mere imitators of old fashions. . . ." A more ingenious opening is the theatrical start over the absence of this person or that, who is quite well known to have bettered himself by setting up his rest elsewhere. "Where is So-and-so?" exclaims the critic, and develops an extraordinary fondness for any name that has dropped out of the catalogue. Finally, there is the reverse charge that other So-and-so's are always there, and form a narrow Clique. I shall attempt to expose shortly the misfit of these openings, in the hope that we may see them not so frequently and that the writers will be stirred to less lethargic reflections.

First, then, the idea that there was ever a great deal of experimental work at the New English is a superstition of the uninformed. Mr. Steer made a few experiments in *pointillisme*, but everybody was glad when he found he could get the same or a greater brilliance of effect without the dots. Portraits of Mr. George Moore and scenes in music-halls were at one time, it is difficult to say why, regarded as fantastic extravagances.

Then the idea that the New English is the cemetery of unfulfilled promise is equally a superstition, though touching in its origin. As a matter of fact the greater part of the pictures exhibited have been quite ordinary work, not of the excellently bad kinds, but with no promise in them for an unbiassed eye. The odd thing is that critics have gravely discussed a great deal of work, such as would never have been noticed in other exhibitions, thus revealing a secret belief, flattering to the club, that every exhibitor was a possible genius. Nothing has been more curious in the last ten years than the interchange in this respect between the common form of criticisms on the Academy and those on the Club. At the beginning of that period the rule was a minute description of all pictures by academicians in the order of seniority and popularity, the number of lines given to each being decided hierarchically. Examples of this method survive here and there, but they are invaded or superseded by a very different form. In this Mr. Orchardson alone survives from the older band, and attention is limited to painters who at one time or another have come over from the New English Art Club (the favourite list at present is Messrs. Sargent, Clausen, La Thangue, Edward Stott; in another year probably Mr. Mark Fisher will be added). I find myself almost alone in occasionally breaking through the tyrannical tradition that only seceders from the New English are artists, and fishing some deserving academician out of neglect. On the other hand the old method is applied to the New English, and we have scrupulous lists of all and sundry the exhibitors, with admonitions added that it is time

these painters did something to prove their genius, and justify the attention paid to them.

Now the New English is distinguished among galleries not by the fact that all its painters have talent, but by this, that from the time the Grosvenor Gallery became stagnant, there has been a constant set of any new talent that did appear to the exhibitions of this club. It has been the focus of painting energy. But, and this exposes the fallacy of the third opening, these successive new arrivals found, as they became well known and sought after, that they must hive off; for the Dudley Gallery is small, unfashionable, and as a market is a place where collectors with small purses buy for their pleasure, and others pick up for small prices pictures that may one day fetch big. I do not estimate, for the moment, but enumerate only, the painting events of fifteen years. First, there was the Newlyn School. Almost every man of them is now in the Academy. Then there was the Glasgow School. They are now housed in the Portrait Painters and the "International." Then in more recent times the names of Messrs. Furse, Tonks, Conder, Rothenstein, Beardsley, C. H. Shannon figure on the lists. And after a pause come one or two youngsters, to be spoken of presently. Such is the record of the accessions of the Club and its sheddings, so perfidiously lamented. Now for the last point, the Clique. It is the Clique that has made all this possible, this keeping open of an exhibition hospitable to the young, never yet stagnant in its middle stream, easily parting with the successful to take in the unknown, eagerly occupied with ideas and the enthusiasms of art, a refuge from the weary snobbery of the Academy. And the Clique has consisted of a few staunch supporters round about a man of genius, P. W. Steer, who has been the fixed point in it from first to last. I think something less of grudge and more of gratitude is due to a man from the critics for that service alone. But that is a small part of his distinction; Steer is the greatest colourist and most absolutely born-painter the English school now possesses. The distinction appears to appeal to few eyes. We have a number of gifted draughtsmen, who arrive in painting at a mastery of tone and handling, but whose work remains practically black and white, whatever tints they may use; we have others whose eye is so just for effect that they arrive at interesting colour when the subject provides it; others yet who can arrange harmonious studio-combinations of tints. But we have no one like this who sees necessarily in colour and in paint, in whose brain the sunshine breeds pictures coloured by its own uninventable harmonies. He has three landscapes in the present exhibition, the first of white noon, the second of the last orange hour of sunlight, the third after sunset, when the beams travel up the green-gold dome and flush the wreckage of clouds with rose and gold; in each you see the strong eye that will not clap an all-applicable preparation on the difficult scene, but that admits every possible beauty which a different radiance offers, and snatches harmony close up to nature. Let me use definite measures to put Steer's qualities in relief. The noonday picture is the kind of effect Constable battled for, white clouds reflecting silver on green countryside and trees. Constable is in the National Gallery and Steer in the Dudley Gallery, and it is thought irreverent to make these comparisons; but I affirm that I have never seen a Constable in which this radiant chord was so certainly expressed; in the shadow of Constable's clouds there remains a disappointing rustiness, in his blue blackness, in the foundation of his trees a brownness, which it was his special aim, mind, to get rid of. I do not know, and it has been my tedious business to seek for ten years, the painter in Europe who could have painted the shadow in the foreground of this picture, so luminous, so fresh coloured yet dark, so elusive with no forced brown, violet or other recipe in it. So in the case of the sunset picture ("*Nidderdale*"); if I use the name of Turner I shall be supposed to attribute to Mr. Steer his unmatched power of construction, his command of all the artifices of composition. I do not suggest that comparison, but I say that Mr. Steer carries out a subject that might be Turner's, within conditions of sober truth that Turner never submits himself to. Turner marshals his

forces with more overwhelming pomp, but his impossible is apt to disturb with questionings for an eye that knows the affecting truth, the mood proper to the scene. Monticelli has been mentioned *à propos* of the third picture, and there is no harm, if praise and not detraction is intended for the flexible vision that entering on ground like Monticelli's rivals him so gloriously. But the vision has not been lazily borrowed, it has been fought for where the other fought.

And now consider: here is a painter about whose position there is no serious question among those who know; ask, not the critics, but the one or two men among his colleagues who have a right to speak, and you will find that their really anxious and interested consciousness is of the existence of Steer. The dealers, alive to such implicit judgments, know that his day will come, but nervously stand back in case it should be not to-morrow, but the day after. The Chantrey Fund, which lavishes thousands on a Dicksee, has never found a hundred for a Steer; the committee appointed to select English pictures for the Paris Exhibition, and perfectly well aware of his claims, never invited him to send; the critics of leading papers mention him not at all or with strange disproportion. No painter of this rank, surely, has been so scurvily treated by his country since Manet, Manet who during the greater part of his career sold nothing, was excluded again and again from entrance to the Salon and from its rewards, till a new generation of his successful borrowers for very shame took him in, Manet who was expressly excluded from two Universal Exhibitions, and only had his triumph there after his death. One can understand the hesitation of a sheep-like public, of the buyer who is not certain of a speedy return; one understands too well how the wheels of reward are worked, but surely if critics, who have no money to lose, and the best reason for whose existence is a generous readiness to champion unrecognised talent, fall in with this neglect, they are either ill-equipped for their office, distracted by considerations that ought to have nothing to do with their judgment, or superfluously timid.

The men in the New English Art Club who can be named as showing this colour-instinct-and-art are few; Mr. Brabazon is one, and the power shows in the sea-piece by Charles Conder, in the evening-piece by Mr. Muirhead. The tendencies of other members, interesting enough, seem to me different. Mr. Tonks is attempting an impossible junction of Pre-raphaelitism and Impressionism; his real goal is probably minute dainty delineation. Mr. Orpen, the latest recruit, is so young that it is too soon to say what he will do, but his gift of precise definite technique is remarkable, rare in English painting since Mr. Frith's day,—almost Dutch. At present he sees things black, but with great intensity. Mr. Rothenstein's interior and portrait I must group with his work at the Portrait Painters next week.

D. S. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RODIN IN A LONDON GALLERY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kirkstall Grange, Leeds, 21 November.

SIR,—I have read with much interest the proposal made by Mr. Tweed that a work of Rodin should be bought and exhibited in England, and am glad to find that his proposal meets with your approval. Your suggestion that a replica in bronze of one of his masterpieces should be obtained and placed in the South Kensington Museum appears to be the best way of carrying out Mr. Tweed's idea.

The genius of Rodin could be finely expressed in bronze, and at South Kensington the work would be easily accessible to students. I write, as an admirer of Rodin's art, to say that, unless you like, there is no need for you to open a subscription list, as, if you will permit me to do so, I shall be happy to present to any committee that you may nominate a life-size bronze reproduction of the one of Rodin's single figures that may be selected by the committee, which would also decide upon its destination.

I hope that most of your readers who visited the Exhibition did not fail to see the noble group by Rodin in the Grand Palais entitled "Le Baiser," the vigorous life of which was in pleasing contrast to the usual insipidities of modern sculpture. A visit to Rodin's atelier is extremely refreshing. His virile and intense art, palpitating with the emotions of humanity, manifested sometimes with too little regard to good taste and the laws of beauty but always displaying a superb technique and an easy mastery of his material, is certainly unconventional and generally convincing. Unlike most sculptors of the present day he understands that in his most difficult handicraft the figure of a man has a higher value and significance than the figure of a woman—whether the inordinate preference given to the latter by modern sculptors is due to their inability to grapple with the strenuous muscular system of a man, or to a half-unconscious pandering to the sensuous tastes of an ignorant public, the result from an artistic point of view is decidedly unfortunate.

Standing in the Grand Palais one was almost overwhelmed by the monstrous regiment of white, gleaming, undraped females, that confronted one on every side. Aiming at passion, but presenting it without its force and ferocity, or at purity, but presenting it without its grace and innocence, they serve up the one lukewarm and the other half thawed and so miss the true inwardness of both. In Rodin's "Baiser" you find both the passion and the purity salient, yet self-restrained—modest yet self-expressed. To my mind he bestowed most of his care and attention upon the man whom he shaped and endowed with a skill and power and lavish expenditure of his great resources that is worthy of the great sculptors of the sixteenth century, whereas the woman he dismisses with an almost contemptuous touch. I would suggest therefore that the bronze to be chosen for reproduction should be the figure of a man, first because such is more urgently required as a model, and secondly because the highest and best examples of Rodin's art are to be found embodied in the framework of a man rather than in that of a woman.

Your article raises various other matters of interest and importance to all who love art, but I will only refer to one. You say that the "Jones collection does something to help the Wallace collection for the French eighteenth century." But surely it does more than that. Though on a smaller scale, in point of excellence it is no mean rival to the Wallace collection, and it is to be hoped that the public, who are beginning to have their eyes opened by the latter, may find time to pay more frequent visits to the former, which will repay them amply for their trouble. To many people, even to some professing an inclination for art, it will come in the nature of a discovery. And I doubt if it is at all generally known that the boxes in the Jones collection are even better than those in the Wallace. The glorious exhibition at Hertford House has at all events afforded a valuable object lesson in one particular, which I hope will not be lost on the authorities at South Kensington when additional space is put at their disposal, and that lesson is that, if the Jones collection is to be seen and enjoyed properly, it must be set out properly, not jumbled together in a dazzling heap of disordered magnificence.

In conclusion I would say that whoever is responsible for the re-gilding of the old furniture in the Wallace collection ought to be gilt himself and set in a glass case for the rest of his natural life, as a warning to all such vandals in the future. No one had any right to play such tricks with the property of the nation.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

ERNEST BECKETT.

[We need not say that we are greatly delighted by Mr. Beckett's most generous offer, which we have communicated to a committee already formed. This committee consists of Messrs. Legros, T. Brock, Alfred Gilbert, J. S. Sargent, J. H. M. Furse, W. Rothenstein, and John Tweed, *Treasurer*, (108 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea). The figure chosen is the *St. John the Baptist*, well known by visitors to the Luxembourg, one of Rodin's famous early works. Seldom has there been a consent so general to do honour to an artist.

Among the heads of public institutions, the director of the National Gallery, (Sir E. J. Poynter), of the Irish National Gallery, (Sir Walter Armstrong), of the Print Room, (Mr. Sidney Colvin), of the Wallace Collection, (Mr. Claude Phillips), of the Tate Gallery, (Mr. Charles Holroyd), are all supporters of the scheme. The critics are equally united.

Our readers will be glad to see the following sentences, which we are permitted to take from a private letter of Mr. George Clausen, promising a subscription to the Rodin fund:

"I went over to the Paris show, and was much struck with the way Rodin's work put the whole mass of modelling in that big Palace back into a kind of elementary students' stage. I don't know if this is clear, but what I felt on looking at all those statues was a kind of amazement that men were able to model limbs so well—then, after a time, an acceptance of this as just a part of the game:—'Of course they model well, that's what they're taught'—only the skill doesn't seem at the service of the idea, but rather to take its place. With Rodin, one felt and saw that there was any amount of skill, *treated as a thing of no account* apart from its service in expression. I think he's the one big master of his art, although his show is terribly depressing—it is an exhibition of tortured souls!

"I felt much the same over the paintings; comparing Manet at his best (the 'Codfish') and Rousseau with the enormous run of clever work. A big show is a good thing for putting qualities in their proper places; one is so often knocked over with a clever bit of work, and when you see a lot of it together, it all goes for nothing, and some duffer with an idea or a sentiment catches you. But Manet's fish is fine all round—the best bit of painting in the show, as I think you said."

Ed. S. R.]

SOCIALISM AND REPUBLICANISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Mr. Shaw, I believe, has a theory that in controversy you should never attempt to answer your opponent. There may be something to be said for this maxim, but whether or no, Mr. Shaw has loyally followed it in his controversial dealings with myself. I pointed out certain confusions of categories of which, in my opinion, he had been guilty. While ignoring my criticism Mr. Shaw's only reply in his letter in your issue of the 17th inst. is to proceed to make this confusion worse confounded.

I can assure Mr. Shaw that the "Old Guard" does not experience the slightest "dismay" at the efforts of himself and colleagues to point out the evils of the capitalist system to the "ordinary, respectable citizen." If Mr. Shaw believes that he has really converted the above worthy to the necessity even of seriously amending the said system; if he likes being made a catspaw of by the smart politician who represents the interests, real or supposed, of the "respectable citizen"—as he and his were by the Liberal party which they were so very cleverly "permeating" in the early nineties—that is his affair. The "Old Guard" looks on and smiles philosophically. If Mr. Shaw replies that he likes being made a dupe of on account of the minute fragments of concession, mostly sham, which he thereby obtains for his principles, I can only again point out to him that, these fragments of concession at best not constituting Socialism, or even any perceptible approach to socialism, he is not acting the part of a Socialist in thus allowing himself to be gulled by the "ordinary respectable citizen" and his cleverer political wirepuller. But Mr. Shaw cynically gives himself away so far as Socialism is concerned by his confession of his ideal, to wit "£2 a week, facilities for a weekly trip to Margate, and the services of a reasonably efficient Borough or County Council" which he deems "millennium enough for the English proletariat." I have no cause to quarrel with Mr. Shaw since I suppose every man has a right to his own ideal whatever it may be. But when Mr. Shaw calls this ideal Socialism, I am bound in the mere interests of philological rectitude to protest against a misuse of language.

Mr. Shaw appears proud of the fact that his political allies consist of bureaucrats, some of whom are blossoming, some of whom have reached full fruition. Bureaucracy he in effect says is not favourable to "millennial illusions." I venture to suggest that it is seldom favourable to anything beyond red tape and the advancement of the interests of the bureaucrats themselves and their department.

What Mr. Shaw means by saying that the "Old Guard," as he terms it, have had to "come along" with himself and friends "in spite of their protest" I don't quite know, as I am personally unaware of any such "coming along." If he means that we social democrats are prepared to compromise in non-essentials for the sake of gaining measures from the present system which we regard as definite "stepping stones" to the social reorganisation at which we aim, I can only say that this is what we have done and professed from the very beginning. There has been no new departure in this direction that I am aware of. There is certainly no inclination, whatever Mr. Shaw may think, to accept his and the Fabian non-resistance homilies or to give adhesion to the Shawesque dogma that forcible or revolutionary action can never again be an incident of historical evolution. (The doctrine of forcible resistance, as an element of progress, Mr. Shaw of course refers to the "liberal tradition." Good old "liberal tradition," what things do they not say in thy name! Whenever a modern Fabian wants to denounce something he doesn't like, he has a short and easy way of stigmatising it as part of the "liberal tradition," a magic formula which he appears to think conclusively settles the question for all time. It may be true that nasty names break no bones, but Mr. Shaw ought to be above the practice of calling names; it is a bad habit!) Even Mr. Shaw himself, by the way, shows some signs of faltering in his attitude to the wicked old heresy when he talks of us as at the present time "dancing on a thin crust of good trade over the crater of insurrection"—which only illustrates the frailty of poor human nature in matters of faith, even when enshrined in the personality of a George Bernard Shaw!

What Messrs. Shaw and Bland refer to as the "Old Guard" is, of course, otherwise put, the Socialist party of the civilised world as opposed to a clique of "superior persons" in London styling themselves the Fabian Society. It may be as Mr. Bland assures us that the "Old Guard" (read the Socialist Party) is doomed to perish and his "attitude-of-mind" man to inherit the earth and subdue it—though the evidence shows that up to date it is the "Old Guard" which has increased and prospered in every country—but inasmuch as we of this "Old Guard" have an equally strong conviction that the Fabian, with his "attitude of mind," so loftily contemptuous of the "political and economic system" usually connoted by the term Socialism, is himself but an evanescent phenomenon of the junction of the centuries, I submit we can hardly regard the bare assertion of Messrs. Bland and friends' belief, however confident it may be, as decisive. I may here point out that Mr. Shaw's attempt to fasten Fabianism on to the German party on the ground that Herr Landauer was ejected from sundry Socialist congresses with the approval of the leaders of that party is as inept as his assertion of the English Social Democratic Federation having followed the lead of Fabian wisdom. Herr Landauer, though, I believe, a perfectly honest man, was certainly not, as Mr. Shaw suggests, "a good Baxite" but a Socialist who rejected Parliamentary or other political action together with all palliatives whatever *on principle*. His theory and tactics alike, therefore, inevitably came within the definition of Anarchism as laid down by the Socialist congresses and his non-admission to such congresses was therefore obviously justified. Mr. Shaw may rest assured that, whatever its defects, the German party is "Old Guard" to the core.

Mr. Bland, I think, is clearly right in his suggestion that we are discussing two different things. But if this be so, why do Messrs. Shaw, Bland and their friends persist in using the same common name to designate these different things? We of the "Old Guard" have a priority in point of time and a superiority in that of

numbers which clearly entitles us to possession of the term Socialism. So I would seriously propose that our attitude-of-mind friends should cease misleadingly to talk of themselves as Socialists and confine themselves exclusively to some other appellation—say Fabian. Mr. Bland's attitude-of-mind Socialism—the Socialism whose highest tangible ideal is the superseding of the supremacy of the bourgeois pure and simple by that of the bureaucrat—would then be known solely and invariably (as it now is sometimes) as Fabianism, and much confusion would be avoided.

Meanwhile it is interesting to note that the contention of my original communication criticising your article on "French Socialism" not only remains unshaken but receives a timely confirmation in the letter published by you from Professor Charles Rist of Montpellier University. Speaking for myself, I can only say that, being personally acquainted to a greater or less extent with well-nigh all the French Socialist leaders, I have failed yet to meet with one of Mr. Bland's Fabian mental-attitudinisers among them. They all belong to the "Old Guard" in one or another form and hence their Socialism, to quote the words of Mr. Bland, "is obviously incompatible with monarchy." But that is not all. As Professor Rist very justly points out, even supposing that any one of them were to conceive the idea of suggesting such a monstrous abortion as a non-republican Socialism, no one who knows anything of the French proletariat will believe that he would succeed in seducing a single man of the Socialist rank and file to follow him. No, Sir, the French working classes will fight to the death, if necessary behind the barricades, against a non-republican "Socialism" (?) as much as against any other fraudulent form of reaction!

E. BELFORT BAX.

P.S.—Mr. Shaw's letter contains a passing hint at Fabian Imperialist theories. The Fabians have got hold of a very naïve false analogy between the concentration of capital in a few hands and the concentration of peoples in a few empires, and hence they fail to recognise that Modern Imperialism is simply the rejoinder of the Capitalist System to the answer of International Social Democracy to the problem of Modern Civilisation. But "that is another story," as the phrase goes, and space forbids my entering upon it.

RITUAL PROSECUTIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Chapter House, S. Paul's Cathedral, E.C.

19 November, 1900.

SIR,—While thanking you very sincerely for your sympathetic comments on the letter to the Bishop of London, will you permit me to say that I do not recognise your description of me as an Evangelical as quite accurate? I have always strenuously avoided identifying myself with any party, believing it to be enough to be a member of the Church of England. I do not wish to criticise those who belong to those various associations which are so marked a feature of the time; but I have taken every opportunity of maintaining the principle of personal independence, for many reasons, and because it enables one the better to appreciate the good in all.—I am, very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM SINCLAIR,
Archdeacon of London.

"MISTAKEN MAGNANIMITY."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Naval and Military Club, 19 November.

SIR,—In your issue of 10 November, under the above heading, appears a letter, signed J. S. Trotter. I am glad to find on reference to the list of members of this club that Mr. Trotter was only formerly a Lieutenant R.N. and does not now hold Her Majesty's commission, as considering his pro-Boer proclivities, such would be more incongruous than even his membership of a Service club, who have had fifty-five members killed and

ninety-one wounded in South Africa. As regards the burning of farms such has only been done when the occupiers had broken the oath of neutrality and in some cases, by the misuse of the white flag, fired on our men. I see by to-day's "Times" that one of the Boer women for whom Mr. Trotter expresses such sympathy, boasted of having shot three Highlanders. Mr. Trotter's remarks therefore on "not molested" are altogether beside the mark.

RICHARD DASHWOOD, Major-General.

THE SEASIDE CAMP FOR LONDON WORKING BOYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Fulham Palace, S.W.

SIR,—In the early summer you were so kind as to insert in your paper an appeal from me on behalf of this society for providing a seaside holiday for London working lads. Generous as was the response to this appeal, I regret that the funds at the disposal of the committee for the payment of bills incurred during the past season are considerably short of the amount required. This is mainly due to the death of the Camp's best friend and supporter—the late Duke of Westminster—and of other generous subscribers. There is too a falling off in the amount received from church offertories probably due to the special claim from other directions upon the public purse. I therefore most earnestly ask those of your readers who appreciate what has been done, and is being done by this society, not to allow this year's account to close with a deficit which would of necessity give a bad start to that of next year. There is no question as to the success of the work during the past summer; a glance at the many grateful letters received by the commandant from those lads who visited the Camp would make that quite clear. As in each year for the last eleven years, excellent work has been done for our London working lads, let us see to it that there is no danger of a discontinuance from lack of funds.

To avoid this £200 is needed at once.

Contributions will be gratefully acknowledged by the secretary Mr. F. Abel Bloxam, at Northumberland Chambers, Charing Cross, or may be sent direct to our bankers—Messrs. Cocks, Biddulph and Co., 43 Charing Cross, S.W.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
M. LONDON.

THE CARE OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Deanery, Winchester, 19 November, 1900.

SIR,—It is idle to contend with a person who sees all things upside down, or who can only see black where everyone else sees white. I must therefore leave your correspondent "Winton" to suffer from his dismal hallucinations, and to continue imagining that our Cathedral Close is unkempt, and the Cathedral itself untidy and uncared for. But perhaps it may be worth while to assure him that he is entirely mistaken when he flatters himself that some things have recently been done in consequence of his criticisms. The charge of sixpence to visitors for going round the eastern parts of the church has not been withdrawn, nor is there the slightest intention of withdrawing it. No extra cleaning has been done since "Winton's" letter, nor shall we deviate in this matter, or in any other, from our ordinary course, in the smallest degree, on account of remarks made in public journals by irresponsible anonymous writers; but we shall continue in the future as we have done in the past to discharge the sacred trust committed to us to the best of our ability, with the means at our disposal.

In conclusion, "Winton" has misread my letter. I did not speak of "my roof," but of "my roof repair fund"—a very different thing. I may fairly call it "my fund," as I started it, and have naturally worked the

hardest to collect for it. And here, so far as I am concerned, this correspondence must cease.

Yours faithfully,

W. R. W. STEPHENS.

[No more letters on this subject can be inserted.—
ED. S. R.]

THE LIFE OF SIMS REEVES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Hillersdon Avenue, Barnes, 9 November, 1900.

SIR,—The late Mr. Sims Reeves gave me the information and material for the compilation of the history of his life. There are doubtless many documents and items suitable for illustration, once in the possession of the late Sims Reeves and now in the hands of those who will, I am sure, be glad to give me any assistance they can in the matter. If you will kindly afford space for this note in your columns I have no doubt that those who possess anything of the kind will be good enough to communicate with me.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ARTHUR LAWRENCE.

CRUELTY IN THE TUNIS CATTLE TRADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Sackville Street, Piccadilly, W.,

12 November, 1900.

SIR,—I notice that you append a note to my letter, which you have most kindly published, in which you say you wish I had given a positive suggestion as to what should best be done.

I have formed a small committee, and my suggestion is that we endeavour, through the French authorities, to obtain permission—provided we can raise the necessary funds—to set up a crane on the wharf at Tunis, where cattle could be slung and lowered into the vessel without recourse to the terrible cruelty which is at present employed to attain the same object. Of course we should not use a rope or chain under the animals' middles as is done in some places, but a broad, strong, leathern strap.

Secondly I hope to form a society at Tunis for the protection of animals from cruelty, and to bring in the French and English better-class residents with a view to maintaining this in permanent working order. I may add that I have received several promises of support for this object, and I hope we shall succeed in achieving it.

I may add that I have some French friends at court who will assist myself and those who are associated with me in dealing with the difficulty.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant

SIDNEY G. TRIST.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBATROSS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

40 St. Luke's Road, W.

SIR,—I hope you will allow me to call the attention of your readers to a correspondence on the "Tenacity of Life of the Albatross" which appeared in the columns of "Nature" on 25 October. It will serve to remind us that the senseless destruction of this noble bird is still being carried on for the amusement of the officers and passengers on our ocean-going steamers. As long ago as 1893 I made my little protest against this modern sport, in a book entitled "Birds in a Village;" and from what was there said I quote the following paragraph:—"A few months ago one of our leading illustrated weeklies contained a large picture and a column or so of letterpress, showing and explaining how English gentlemen amused themselves when voyaging in large steamships in the Pacific Ocean by taking the albatross with hook and line. The

floating bait swallowed and the hook stuck fast in its gullet or stomach, the bird is forced to fly after the ship, and is finally drawn down on to the deck. A large number of albatrosses can be thus captured in the course of a day. And for what purpose? To chop off their heads with a hatchet or a butcher's knife; the head, 'with Roman beak sublime,' to be kept as a memento of the voyage, or given to a friend at home; the long slender bones of the pinions to be taken out and cleaned for pipe stems; the mutilated carcase to be cast back into the sea. For the sea does not grieve for her lost children; and the albatross has no soul to haunt its murderer. That is an old vanished superstition."

Since this was written much has been done for the birds; laws for their better protection have been passed in England, the Colonies, India, and America; an immense amount of literature on the subject has been distributed, and a strong favourable public opinion created. But this all avails nothing on those lonely distant seas, where there are few to witness, few to protest against the outrage, when the sportsman gets out his hook and line to take not fish but that bird before which Herman Melville bowed himself "as Abraham before the angels."

The mere sight of this noblest pelagic fowl, the great Wandering Albatross, is a moving event in the life of any person, even as is that of the soaring condor among his native mountains; and, in a less degree, that of the golden eagle, the one great bird which happily still survives in the northernmost parts of our country. That any man, I do not say who has any poetry in him, any reverence for life, any sense of the mystery and glory of this visible world; but I will say, any man who has any instinct of humanity, or of ruth, who is not a ruffian at heart as well as a Philistine, can find pleasure in torturing and killing such birds, is a thing to wonder at.

In the letters printed in "Nature," we are told that some albatrosses were caught by the officers of the s.s. "Star of New Zealand," and after being choked by means of strings tied tightly round their necks, were placed in the ice-box; and that after several days two of the birds were discovered to be alive. One, after ten days in the ice-box, with the lower half of its body frozen hard, emitted groaning sounds; and on being taken out it raised its head and gaped, and stared about with wide-open living eyes; and that it continued in this state for a space of two hours, after which it was strangled a second time, and put back in the ice-room. The captain of the ship, in conclusion, announces his intention of experimenting with the birds he may capture on the return voyage, to find out how long they will keep alive in these low temperatures; and the owner of the ship, Sir William Corry, Bart., M.P., displays a lively interest in these investigations.

It is a horrible story, and I will try to believe that few will read it without a feeling of unutterable detestation for those who can do such things and who approve of them.

Apart from the question of torture, it is to be feared that if this form of sport continues unchecked, the albatross will shortly become a rare bird indeed; for he has the fatal habit of following ships for the sake of the food cast on the water, and it is easy to take him with a baited hook. He may be very tenacious of life and so long lived as to be, so to speak, one of the few immortals among the higher vertebrates; but he is a slow breeder, and the ships that traverse the seas are legion, and their number is ever increasing.

This is doubtless a matter for the Society for the Protection of Birds to consider; but it is one, too, which concerns every ornithologist, every naturalist, in the country. The Society I have named can but place the facts and a protest before the shipowners and directors of the steamship companies, and hope against hope that these important busy gentlemen will pay some attention to the matter. It is clear that such a protest would gain immensely in value, and would not be refused a hearing, if the names of the leading naturalists' societies and unions could be associated in it with that of the Birds Protection Society.

I am, yours faithfully,

W. H. HUDSON.

REVIEWS.

DISIECTA MEMBRA.

"Ornamental Details of the Italian Renaissance."
Measured and drawn by G. A. T. Middleton and
R. W. Carden. London: Batsford. 1900. 25s. net.

THIS book consists of fifty photo-lithographic plates of architectural ornament taken from buildings in Milan, Rome, Florence, Bologna, Venice, Padua, and some other North Italian towns. Prefixed to these illustrations are a prefatory note and a list of plates which occasionally embodies a stray remark in elucidation of the work in question. "In the selection of the subjects illustrated in this volume," the authors inform us in their preface, "for which purpose we each in turn visited Italy, we had mainly in mind a desire for as much variety of treatment as could be found within the prescribed limits of the Italian Renaissance. The result has in this respect exceeded our expectations, and it was achieved without great effort (such is the marvellous wealth of *motif* in the ornamental work of Italy), and without, it is believed, repeating subjects which have been illustrated elsewhere in English works." It is no wonder that Messrs. Middleton and Carden were astonished at what they are pleased to call such "variety of treatment as could be found within the prescribed limits of the Italian Renaissance," for their book shows that they set out for Italy with the vaguest notion of what was to be found there, or in what the Italian Renaissance consists. Whenever they venture beyond the limits of their Baedeker they are lost. At Florence, for instance, they were able to discover ornament sufficient to fill six of their plates "without repeating subjects which have been illustrated elsewhere in English works." They began well enough, from their own point of view, by sketching some eighteen inches of the arabesques on one of the jambs of the main door of Santa Maria Novella. For their next plate they selected a "wrought-iron grille over a gate of the Riccardi Palace, Florence. By Michelozzi, about 1430 A.D." But surely the merest student of Italian art would have seen at a glance that the gate in question was of late seventeenth, or early eighteenth century, workmanship: and had Messrs. Middleton and Carden the slightest acquaintance with Florentine antiquities, they would have known that the key in the head of the gate which they have so carefully drawn and measured, is borne by the Riccardi family, on their shield. As a matter of fact, the part of the Palazzo Riccardi in which this gateway occurs, was built by the Riccardi in 1715, many years after they had bought the palace from the Medici.

But the discoveries of our authors in the Italian Renaissance did not end here: on the Ponte Vecchio over the bottega of Benvenuto Cellini which has been largely reconstructed in recent years, they found the cast-iron balustrade of a balcony, not at all unpleasant in design, but plainly a production of the last century; and this too they illustrate as a work of the Italian Renaissance. Indeed, a student of their book might here begin to suspect that Messrs. Middleton and Carden had some original and profound theory of the continuity of the Renaissance which they had not deigned to make known to a profane public; but unfortunately for them, their next plate entirely dissipates any such conjecture. The subject of this plate is a "frieze on a corner house, Via de Cerratani" [sic],—a reference to their Baedeker would have saved them from this mistake in spelling. Now, the house in question originally extended in the form of an acute angle, and formed the Canto de' Carnesecchi, "nell'angolo delle due vie che vanno l'una alla nuova, l'altra alla vecchia, piazza di Santa Maria Novella," to quote Vasari's description; and at the head of the Canto de' Carnesecchi stood the famous tabernacle painted in fresco by Domenico Veneziano, the remains of which, removed in 1851, are now in our National Gallery, Nos. 1215, 766 and 767. The portion of the house which originally formed the "canto," or sharp corner, was pulled down either at that time, or a few years later when the Via de' Panzani was widened to make an approach to the new station: so that the present façade of the house towards the Via de' Cerratani, including the stucco frieze which Messrs. Middleton and Carden

admired and copied as a masterpiece of the Italian Renaissance, is nothing more than a modern imitation, erected less than fifty years ago!

Blunders such as these,—and we have by no means exhausted them,—show that the authors of this book are not only ignorant of the subject which they have attempted to illustrate, but they have not even acquired the eye to distinguish between new and old, which every capable student of architecture ought to possess. However, in a book of this kind, it would have been possible, more or less to overlook such blunders, if the authors had shown themselves to be accomplished and intelligent draughtsmen: but their draughtsmanship is as indifferent as their archæology. We all know the large pen and ink perspective drawings which figure every year in the architectural room of the Royal Academy;—the masterpieces of the "architect's office" school of draughtsmanship. It is in this school that Messrs. Middleton and Carden have learned to draw, and they are conscious of their attainment. "It may be of interest to draughtsmen," they inform us, "to learn that the original sketches were made with extreme rapidity in pencil, many of them being drawn to scale on the spot, on a half-imperial drawing block, while in other cases odd scraps of paper had to be used and the rough notes afterwards pieced together." Let us hope that if Messrs. Middleton and Carden had set to work with more care, they would have produced something better, for instance, than the miserable caricature of Desiderio's exquisite arabesques on the tomb of Carlo Marsuppini, in Santa Croce, which form the subject of one of their plates. To render ornament of this kind with any degree of success, it is surely necessary to have acquired some sort of skill in figure drawing, and of this the coarse, unsensitive outlines of these plates show no trace.

But it is neither the indifferent drawing, nor the faulty archæology which has led us to review this volume of plates, at what may seem an undue length. The book is a characteristic example of its kind, compiled from the point of view of the architect's office, and intended to appeal to architects who keep offices wherein to practise office-architecture à la mode. It is a collection of odd bits of ornament, here a few feet of the arabesques on a pilaster, there a "detail of enrichment," a scrap of a frieze, the pattern on the risers of a staircase, and what not; but in what manner these bits of ornament are used in the originals, or in what light or position they are seen, there is nothing in these plates to show. Speaking in a general way, the beauty and effect of the ornament of the Italian Renaissance consist far more in the art and taste with which that ornament is introduced into the architectural ensemble whereof it forms the decoration, than in its intrinsic invention and design.

In certain Italian buildings of the fifteenth century may be seen, in a way that is not seen elsewhere, how the richest effects may be produced by the most sparing use of ornament, if it be only rightly used. To invent ornament of the kind which Messrs. Middleton and Carden have attempted to illustrate is a far easier matter than to use it with the fineness and beauty of effect with which the Italians of the Renaissance used it. If there is one thing which not a few English architects might learn with advantage from the Renaissance in Italy, it is a fine and effective use of ornament. The term "architecture" in England threatens fast to become a euphemism for an assemblage of ornament copied here, there and everywhere, and put together without any guiding principle, or even taste. Let us take, for example, the numerous buildings which have sprung up within the last few years, in the vicinity of Charing Cross Road and Leicester Square—"enormous mixtures" of the ornament of all styles and ages, in which proportion, relation, effect of mass or distribution of light and shade have no part. How largely have publications of the kind, of which the book before us is a typical example, contributed towards the development of this abnormal style! It is from such books that the architects, who produce buildings of this order, derive the "details" of which their designs are made up, without any knowledge of the original buildings whence such "details" have been taken, and without caring to inquire in what way they were originally

used. Messrs. Middleton and Carden's work has at least the merit of affording the critic an insight into the methods of our modern architects.

A BATCH OF BIOGRAPHIES.

"A Lifetime in South Africa." By the Hon. Sir John Robinson, K.C.M.G. London: Smith, Elder. 1900. 10s. 6d.

"The Life of Lieut.-Col. John Haughton." By Major A. C. Yate. London: Murray. 1900. 12s. net.

"General Sir Arthur T. Cotton, R.E., K.C.S.I." By his daughter Lady Hope. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1900. 12s. net.

"A Life of Francis Parkman." By C. H. Farnham. London: Macmillan. 1900. 8s. 6d.

"Madame: Memoirs of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans." By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). Second Edition. London: Seeley. 1900. 7s. 6d.

"Baroness de Bode, 1775-1803." By William S. Childe Pemberton. London: Longmans. 1900. 12s. 6d. net.

"Emma Marshall: a Biographical Sketch." By Beatrice Marshall. London: Seeley. 1900. 6s.

SIR JOHN ROBINSON is perhaps hardly as well known in England as the first Premier of Natal should be. His personality is not assertive. His name has of course long been familiar to all who follow contemporary colonial history, and if his book meets with its deserts, will become familiar to the general public as well. Ill-health prevented him from coming to England at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, in response to Mr. Chamberlain's invitation, and he stepped down from the premiership of his colony to enable Mr. Escombe to take his place. He probably knows Natal better than any man living. He went there with his family when he was a very small boy, and roughed it, as early settlers even under the happiest auspices, must. His account of his self-education, of his work as a journalist and subsequently as local statesman, is modestly and excellently given. The book as a record of the genesis of the present South African situation has permanent value. Of the host of interesting men who have influenced the course of events, we get glimpses that light up character. Here is one of Dr. Leyds: "Cultivated in mind, gentle in manner, and attractive in appearance, Dr. Leyds is a most agreeable companion, and it is hard even now to realise that that suave and genial personality covered the most strenuous enmity to British dominancy in South Africa." And here is a touch concerning Mr. Kruger. At a banquet in Durban, the late President was expected to make an important communication, committing him to a certain railway policy. Mr. Kruger said nothing in many words. "Unfortunately for us, perhaps," says Sir John, "Oom Paul drinks milk only on such occasions and he was not betrayed into any verbal indiscretions."

How little the world knows of some of its greatest men is exemplified in the lives of Lieut.-Col. John Haughton and Sir Arthur Cotton. Who, outside the comparatively limited circle of students of British achievement, civil and military, in India, could say off-hand what was the particular title of either to fame? Yet we have in one of them a hero whom his biographer—and Major Yate is assuredly a competent judge—declares to have been in character, in devotion, in power over the natives a second John Nicholson; to the other, Sir Arthur Cotton, India owes a giant debt of gratitude for irrigation works which have mitigated the misery of millions. Lady Hope's "Life" of her father is peculiarly valuable as a contribution to the history of irrigation in India. If Sir Arthur Cotton was not able to do more, the explanation is to be found in official opposition, due to either lack of means or lack of understanding. Mr. William Digby supplements Lady Hope's compilation from her father's papers with some "Famine Prevention Studies." Major Yate has done well to rescue the name of John Haughton from the oblivion with which it was threatened. Haughton's genius was recognised late by those with whom recognition rested, but when he got his chance as commandant of the 36th Sikhs he

proved the sterling stuff of which he was made. He inherited from his father, the defender of Charikar in 1841, the instinct for dealing with frontier tribes, and his best epitaph would be found in the words of Major Rodwell "The gallant Colonel Haughton, the Marshal Ney of the Tirah campaign." He was killed in action at Skinkamar, 29 January, 1898, when he was only forty-six years of age. Had he been spared, he could hardly have failed to win his way to the highest distinction in the Indian army.

Mr. Farnham has not found the task of preparing a biography of Canada's great historian easy. Parkman left few papers, and gossip did little or nothing to assist the filling in of the gaps in the record. Moreover Parkman was so absorbed in his historical work, that in the main any "Life" of him must amount to a study of temperament, which needs to be particularly well done if it is to be readable. Mr. Farnham depicts for us just such a personality as from his writings we should have expected Parkman to be—a painstaking investigator and a conscientious aspirant to impartiality in his judgments on men and affairs. Parkman set the lamp of truth before him with a rigorous determination to be guided by its light; Mr. Farnham instances his treatment of Roman Catholicism and feudalism as proof of the manner in which he suppressed personal prejudices and antipathies. He was no doubt drawn to the subject of Canadian history by the fascination of virgin forests, unexplored prairies and Indian life unspoiled by contact with the European settler. He had in him something of the spirit of the *coureurs de bois* who figure so largely in his pages. Mr. Farnham's "Life" will be welcomed by all who have secured Messrs. Macmillan's latest edition of Parkman's works, with which it is uniform.

Two more remarkable women than "Madame," the Duchess of Orleans, and Mary Kynnersley the daughter of a Staffordshire squire who became Baroness de Bode will hardly be found even in the romantic annals of the European Courts in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Mrs. Henry Ady's admirable Life of "Madame" is in its second edition. Not less fascinating is Mr. William S. Childe Pemberton's account, mainly compiled from her correspondence, of the Baroness de Bode. It conveys a very vivid impression of the ruin which followed in the wake of the French Revolution, and affords some exceedingly interesting glimpses into the social and political condition of Germany and Russia at the end of the last century. The Empress Catherine II., taking advantage of the state of Europe, offered to settle a number of émigrés in Southern Russia, and proposed to the Prince of Condé that he should hold that part of her territory in fief. The Baroness set out on a journey of 2,000 miles, from Altenberg to S. Petersburg, with a view to persuading the Empress to grant her a fief also. She approached the Empress with excellent credentials, received the most generous assistance from the English Ambassador, and saw much of the best society in S. Petersburg. Her mission was a success, and her visit to the Crimea and description of what she saw and did form not the least interesting part of an elegant and delightful book.

Mrs. Marshall's career, in one respect, resembled that of Mrs. Oliphant. It was one long effort to earn money by means of fiction-writing in order to be able to educate her children. Her life-story is that of hundreds of others, and as she sometimes wearied of the struggle, so we grow weary in listening to her persistent appeal to her publisher: "How can I increase my profits? my boys' education grows more and more costly." Her ability as a story-teller was unquestioned but she never gave herself a chance of showing what she could do at her best. She knew her public and she turned out "copy" at high pressure for as many guineas as it would command. "I am sorry to hear of your beginning another book so soon," wrote Professor Nichol. "I can't quite understand why you should have to help others now instead of being kept comfortably by them. But the age is going mad with overwork and restlessly savage competition." There was much that was charming in such books as "In Colston's Days," and if Mrs. Marshall's talent had not been dominated by the ever-present need of money she would probably have

established a real name for herself as a writer of old-world stories. She communicated the air of the cathedral close to her pages. "How fortunate you are that wherever you go you have a cathedral," Longfellow wrote to her twenty-six years ago, and the sigh of thankfulness is almost audible whenever she finds herself again under the shadow of a cathedral.

MR. LAIRD CLOWES' PENULTIMATE VOLUME.

"The Royal Navy: a History from the Earliest Times to the Present." By Wm. Laird Clowes. Vol. V. London: Sampson Low. 1900. 25s.

AS one reads the chapter in this volume on the Civil History of the Navy, 1803-1815, more than ever one is struck with astonishment that any good thing could come from a Service so distinguished for corruption and brutality. Lord St. Vincent, who some years earlier had complained that the civil branch was "rotten to the very core," became First Lord of the Admiralty in 1801, and made an honest attempt to improve the condition of things which then existed: but it was left to Sir James Graham in 1830 to achieve any considerable reform. Flogging was inflicted with the greatest severity for the most trifling offences, while many barbarous punishments, not recognised by authority, were ordered by captains according to their fancy. Junior officers followed the example set by their seniors, and cuffed and belaboured the men with impunity in a fashion which to us is incredible. Yet in spite of all the difficulties which the Admiralty thus placed in its own way, the Board contrived to act with the utmost vigour in its relations with foreign Powers, and obtained results from its ships and its men which it scarcely seemed to deserve.

In view of the alarmist suggestions which have recently been current as to the possibility of a French invasion of England, it is interesting to know that the flotilla with which Napoleon hoped to carry out this experiment in 1804 consisted of no less than 2,293 vessels concentrated in eight of the northern ports of France. The preparations of the French were perfectly well known to our Admiralty, but no great apprehension seems to have been entertained in naval circles that actual invasion was either probable or possible. It is true that in the case of a projected invasion in these days the enemy would have the advantage of rapid concentration with a number of ships comparatively small, but it is difficult to believe that the necessary troops on shore together with the transports to carry them could be so quietly and expeditiously collected that the attempted invasion could come as a surprise. The difficulty above alluded to of preparing a force for the purpose of invasion without the invader's intention becoming known is exemplified by the Walcheren expedition. The immense force equipped might have effected much by surprise; but the enemy, being aware of its intentions, was well prepared, and the general results were inconclusive.

In 1804 Napoleon, taking advantage of a treaty signed in 1796, forced Spain under threat of war with France to join in common cause with him against England, upon which the British Government, without waiting for a formal declaration of war, at once commenced hostilities against the Spaniards. The following year was occupied on the one hand by innumerable actions between small squadrons and single ships, and on the other by the long protracted efforts of the British to blockade the French in their own ports in the hope of falling upon them, should they attempt to come out. When Villeneuve, having escaped from Toulon, made for the West Indies, Nelson followed, determined apparently to bring him to action no matter what might be the inferiority of his own force. We are so familiar with Nelson's constant injunctions to his captains to take matters into their own hands in the thick of battle, and his assurance that they could not be wrong so long as they laid their ships advantageously alongside those of the enemy, that it is interesting to learn that the orders given by Villeneuve to his officers when expecting an action in the West Indies were much to the same effect. "Every captain," he says, "who is not

under fire will not be in his proper station; and a signal to recall him thither will be a dishonouring blot upon him." In July 1805 intelligence reached the Admiralty from Nelson that the Allies had given him the slip and were again bound for Europe. Admiral Calder was at once sent to intercept them and fell in with them on the 22nd near Finisterre. In the action which ensued Calder took two of the enemy's ships, but this success was considered indecisive and insufficient, and the Admiral was severely reprimanded by a court-martial for not having effected more. Mr. Clowes' account of the battle of Trafalgar is interesting, but it can scarcely be possible to say anything new on this subject. Villeneuve, after a short imprisonment in England, was released on parole; and we have the authority of Napoleon himself for the singular story that the unfortunate Admiral in a fit of despondency took his own life by driving a pin into his heart. It is even explained that he had studied anatomical drawings in order to acquaint himself with the precise position of the vital organ.

Perhaps it may be said that the kernel of this volume is to be found in the introductory chapter. What from another might be passed by as a mere truism acquires grave importance when stated with the weight attaching to the authority of Mr. Laird Clowes. He solemnly reminds us that, despite the patriotic nonsense talked to the contrary, the French were as brave as the English. Their tactics were not inferior to ours, and the strategy of Napoleon was a match for that of the British Admiralty. His argument is that our successes were due as a rule either to the personality of Nelson himself, whose mere presence was worth a squadron, or to the possession of superior numbers at the critical moment. As we cannot always rely upon throwing up a Nelson, we must at least strive to maintain the advantage of numerical strength.

FIELDING.

"The History of Tom Jones." By Henry Fielding. 2 vols. The Library of English Classics. London: Macmillan. 1900. 7s. net.

HAZLITT in his sixth lecture on the English Comic Writers says it has been usual to class our own great novelists as imitators of either "Don Quixote" or "Gil Blas" but he adds the very obvious remark that though Fielding is no doubt more like "Don Quixote" than "Gil Blas," and Smollett more like "Gil Blas" than "Don Quixote" there is not much resemblance in either case. It is enough for the satisfaction of Englishmen to know that as in Shakespeare they have the greatest dramatist of the world, and in Milton one of the great world poets, so in prose fiction they have a Fielding who if he is not one of the masters of fine style has written at least one novel which may be placed side by side with the masterpieces of any country in that branch of literature. Fielding wrote other novels, "Amelia" and "Joseph Andrews," for example, besides "Tom Jones" that are only inferior to "Tom Jones" and in some respects may be preferred, but that was the complete flower of his genius, and in the view of many it remains the greatest English novel, as fresh and delightful and absorbing to-day as it was when it first appeared now almost exactly one hundred and fifty years ago. It has been the model for our greatest novelists since. The relish for Thackeray is the finer for the reader who knows Fielding. Pendennis is a Victorian replica of Tom Jones, less robustum and animal and drawn with a finer pencil, a little more familiar figure outwardly than Tom Jones, because he is nearer our own times, but intrinsically not more intelligible. If the nineteenth-century imitator has the advantage over his prototype it is in a refinement of that masculine lucidity and simplicity, which is much more characteristic of the earlier than the later century unfortunately, and in a vein of pathos and sentiment which is conspicuously absent in Fielding while it is one of the most felicitous elements in Thackeray. Fielding is somewhat uncouth and he is in reality stronger in other points for which Thackeray has reputation. Partridge and his wife, Square, Thwackum, are the least convincing of the characters in "Tom Jones."

but Squire Western who might, with our modern notions, be thought perhaps least possible does not convey the idea of caricature at all but of the most matter of fact realism. Most people are aware by this time of the absurdity of a comparison of Thackeray and Dickens, and it may appear at first sight even more indiscriminate to suggest a comparison between the "literature" of Fielding and the undistinguished style of Dickens. We are not doing so; but it is an interesting fact worth notice, since the assertion of Dickens' independence of previous writers is so often made, that "Oliver Twist, or the Parish Boy's Progress" is not only a title that recalls "Tom Jones, a Foundling" but that no reader of "Tom Jones" can read the beginning of Chapter XVII. of "Oliver Twist" without being reminded of those famous introductory chapters and digressions, in which Fielding gives us much of his best of shrewd knowledge of human nature and wisdom. Thackeray and Dickens are the two best known English novelists of this century, and their greatness in dissimilar ways is indisputable. Many know them who do not know "Tom Jones," but certainly additional interest will be given to the reading of the later writers by an acquaintance with the writings of their greater predecessor Henry Fielding, and especially with "Tom Jones." There was nothing small in either the heart or the mind of its author and his text should never be shabby. Messrs. Macmillan's two handsome volumes, beautifully printed, present him worthily to the reader.

FICTION.

"The Lane that had no Turning." By Gilbert Parker. London: Heinemann. 1900. 6s.

Mr. Parker has seized a happy moment for the publication of this volume of short stories, dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, treating of the life of French Canadians. The eponymous story is a delicate study of a devotee of lost causes, sustained by the intense yet half-compassionate love of a brilliant wife whose more practical mind rejects his ideals. It is impossible to summarise it, but it is perhaps worth while to say that in eighty pages Mr. Parker expresses a romance over which the average novelist would expend five hundred—and yet fail. The "Parables of a Province" are with one exception less happy experiments in a genre that is hackneyed. But the nineteen stories that make up the rest of the book—selected, we gather, from a larger number written but not to be published—prove what has been disputed, that a short story can be completely successful in English. It is with the French masters that one inevitably compares those studies of French life in the Dominion, and one has only to think of the peasant as he appears in de Maupassant to acknowledge their merit. If, in giving the pleasure that first-rate work confers, Mr. Parker has also, as he desires, interpreted the French Canadian to his fellow-subjects of the Empire, he has closed his work in fiction with a success that should augur well for his essay in politics.

"Mrs. Frederick Graham." By Alice A. Clowes. London: Sonnenschein. 1900. 2s. 6d.

Miss Frederick Graham must have been an interesting woman—or dame of the grand manner and kindly heart. Her portrait however is but sketched. The book in which she figures has no hero, no heroine and no plot. In her treatment of the matrimonial troubles of two families, the well-born Grahams and the wealthy Wards, the author seems anxious to suggest some moral with reference to parental control in affairs of the heart. But she does little more than supply the dry bones of sentiment; and even to her contrasts of character the reader must bring the patience and imagination without which they lack all life. If an exception be made it will be in favour of the contrast between the shallowness of Miss Connie Ward and the plebeianism of Mrs. John Ward. Here and there the author utters a phrase that strikes a note with an echo to it. "No," says Mrs. Frederick Graham, "I don't admire a man because he is selfish, but I can admire one in spite of his selfishness; whereas a selfish woman I cannot admire—simply, I think, because she is out of nature,

a monstrosity, in fact, and I cannot admire what is monstrous." The book belongs to a class that is in many respects admirable, but a class, we imagine, that commands a small circle of readers at the present day.

"The Conquest of London." By Dorothea Gerard. London: Methuen. 1900. 6s.

This is a tiresome story—four orphaned sisters are left to fend for themselves. They are all good-looking. Three of them are ill-tempered, or silly, but the fourth is unselfish, noble and beautiful. She, most approvedly, marries a handsome millionaire. The humour of the book is infantile. The author should understand that she cannot provoke mirth in the reader's mind by remarking at the end of each stupid joke that "M— found it so irresistibly funny he nearly choked over it"! We always understood that a waiter was a hired servant who waited at table. In this story, however, anyone is a waiter who waits for anything. The hero's mother is an "aged waiter."

"A Breaker of Laws." By W. Pett Ridge. London and New York: Harper. 1900. 6s.

In "A Breaker of Laws," which has the saving grace of humour—albeit humour with a Cockney tinge—Mr. Pett Ridge has achieved an undoubted success. The characters, with one exception which is a bald caricature, are distinctly human, and none but the stoniest-hearted reader could fail to have a kindly feeling for Alf. Bateson, the reformed burglar for whom circumstances prove too strong and who relapses into his old paths. There is a touch of tenderness in the presentment of "Keroline," with her unswerving faith in the goodness of her husband.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Studies by the Way." By the Right Hon. Sir Edward Fry. London: Nisbet. 1900. 10s. 6d. net.

We admire Sir Edward Fry as a lawyer so much that we confess to some feeling of disappointment with these "Studies by the Way." We expected something more intellectually distinguished, something that would have shown the subtle mind of the highly-trained equity lawyer and judge at work upon the more recondite problems of life in literature, or science, about which it is known Sir Edward Fry must have ideas, or in art, law, history or ethics. This it has not pleased him to give us. These papers, as he says in the preface, make no pretence to be deep or exhaustive studies or to add anything to the sum of human knowledge. But this is hardly sufficient warning to excuse the printing of the papers on "The Old Testament" or on "Sermons," which have not the slightest value either of style or matter. We should hardly like to include "The 'Banquet' of Dante" in this remark because it is at least interesting for its translation of long passages from the book; but it contains little that might not have been composed as a "paper" by the ordinary young man of such a mutual improvement society as the Christian Conference of which Sir Edward mentions that he is a member. The essay on "The Theory of Punishment" maintains that "punishment is an effort of man to find a more exact relation between sin and suffering than the world affords us." It has primarily nothing to do with the reformation of the offender, nor with the protection of society; these being only secondary objects. That may be so, but so far as we can see it does not appear to advance the practical questions of the proper modes of punishment or the allocation of the quantitative measure of punishment to specific offences in the least. In fact the wisdom or unwisdom of our penal system does not seem to depend on a moral theory at all but on the facts of experience; just as our views of moral offences are unaffected by the intuitional or the development theories of conscience. The essay on "Conveyancing" is a slight gossiping paper collecting numerous interesting facts showing certain resemblances between very ancient systems of conveyancing and of our modern English system. Sir Edward need hardly have been the past master of the art that he is to have written it. On the whole we come to the conclusion that the real essays which might very well have been collected are "Strabo in Egypt," "An Old Greek Farmer," a very pleasant readable dissertation on Hesiod, the "Notes on Greece," and the "Notes on Sicily." These show the cultivated lawyer employing his learned leisure at his best. They are charmingly written, and are redolent of classical reminiscences that must delight those to whom a tour in Greece with a Homer and a Virgil and a Horace in the pocket, would be the ideal of earthly happiness; for four months of summer at all events.

(Continued on page 656.)

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"The Cinque Ports: a Historical and Descriptive Record." By Ford Madox Hueffer. Illustrated by William Hyde. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1900. £3 3s. net.

Mr. Hueffer assures us through his dedication that the glamour of the name of the Cinque Ports has been upon him ever since he can remember. He certainly succeeds in communicating much of his enthusiasm for their history and their remains to the reader of this very handsome volume—handsome in its general appearance, its type, its paper, and its illustrations. Mr. Hueffer's aim is "as carefully to trace the decline of the Ports as to declare how, again and again, in the days of their flourishing they saved England, served England, suffered for England." It is a record to which no Briton can be indifferent. And yet, in book form at least, very little seems to have been published about the Cinque Ports. Mr. Hueffer finds himself at variance on many points with Mr. Montagu Burrows, who dealt with the subject in Messrs. Longmans' Historic Towns Series. He regrets that words will not dance themselves into metre so that he might wind up his record with a Ballad of Fair Ships and Goody Havens. "If in these days of iron plates, of steel masts, of searchlights and of what not and what not, one may still see visions, on this beach one should see visions of swelling canvas—one should see them merely for the closing of the eyes." And what of the future of the five ports? Is their lot to be "mere oblivion—a lasting sleep?" Mr. Hueffer seems to entertain a vague hope that their glory may not have departed for ever. He thinks the brain of man may grow weary and unable to bear the strain of the hurry and turmoil of the present, and may find rest in a return to the methods of the past. "Then," he says, "the naive and the human will reign again. In that new Golden Age the Five Ports might again flourish." It is a picturesque fancy, and vain as it is picturesque.

"Sport in War." By Major-General R. S. S. Baden-Powell. London: Heinemann. 1900.

In the sketch that gives the title to this book the author describes how during the Matabele campaign four men were looking for a wounded lion. While three were moving with circumspection regardless of the possible consequences of rashness one of them "clambered over the rocks and sprang with agility into the most likely corners for finding a wounded lion lying ambushed, and his sole weapon was his revolver—for he was a farrier. Such is Tommy Atkins; whether it is the outcome of sheer pluck, of ignorance, or of both combined, the fact remains that he will sail gaily in where danger lies and as often as not sail gaily out again unharmed." There is no mistaking the identity of the writer. The signature of "R.S.S.B.-P." is here as plain as if it were written boldly across the page. The first companion sketches—"A Run with the Cape Fox Hounds," "The Ordeal of the Spear," "The Sport of Rajahs," and "Hadj Ano," are characterised by humour, sympathy, and happy thoughtfulness. In "Hadj Ano," a Tunisian narrative, the rivalry of new and old following the French occupation of Algeria is vividly depicted. The volume is capably illustrated by the author, is tastefully got up, and it is safe to affirm that it will form one of the most popular gift-books of the season.

"Lavengro: The Romany Rye." "The Bible in Spain." By George Borrow. London: Lane. 1900. 2s.

There are finer editions of George Borrow than these: and there are editions which these look very much like outside, inasmuch as they too are bound in green cloth. We notice this without offering any explanation, but simply make the remark that though the connexion between green and George Borrow himself is not very apparent, there seems a conspiracy of publishers to present him in that particular colour. It must be admitted that Mr. Lane has performed a feat in getting Borrow's text within these two little volumes, for small though the type is, and thin though the paper may be, it cannot be said that either materially diminish the pleasure of the reader, who may in many cases be glad to forego the elaborate notes and commentaries of more expensive reproductions, in consideration of the lower price of what is on the whole a sufficiently presentable edition.

"The Tale of Chloe. The Story of Bhanavar the Beautiful. Selected Poems." By George Meredith. London: Constable. 3s. 6d. net each.

It would not be easy to name a greater service to English literature than the issue of George Meredith's works at an inexpensive rate in a pleasant form. Neat in their binding, very light in weight, admirably printed and of a most convenient size these volumes are all that an edition of a great writer intended for practical use, for reading at odd times and in sundry places, should be. Meredith is one of the few names which give the English literature of our day the right to face the world without shame. The country that can produce George Meredith can be forgiven the production even of Marie Corelli.

"The Memoirs of the Life of Edward Gibbon." Edited by George Birkbeck Hill. London: Methuen. 6s.

These are the *mémoires pour servir* for the famous Autobiography so called of Gibbon. Dr. Birkbeck Hill has written

a preface to them of twenty-three pages, has annotated them voluminously, and added appendices amounting to seventy-three pages. They are full of the curious learning of the period on which Dr. Birkbeck Hill is so well known an authority. We may add that the title of this edition of the Memoirs is Gibbon's own and is in his own handwriting in the manuscript of the famous sketch of the Autobiography in the British Museum.

"The Silent Gate." By Tighe Hopkins. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1900. 6s.

This is a series of sketches of prison life by one who not only knows his subject but can put his knowledge into effective literary shape. Prison life is of necessity a gruesome thing—but the gruesomeness is here diversified with gleams of real humour and pathos. The book will weary no one who takes it up.

"Queen Victoria." A Personal Sketch. By Mrs. Oliphant. London: Cassell. 1900. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Cassell have given Mrs. Oliphant's sketch an agreeable setting. The print is good: the illustrations are unequal, but some of them are excellent. The complementary note to the original text is sufficient for the purposes of the edition.

SCANDINAVIAN LITERATURE.

Swedish literature is keeping pace with the times. Twenty years ago, or twenty-five, there were no novels written, no essays, there was no drama or comedy, and the only short stories were those put together for wretched periodicals on vile paper. There was Viktor Rydberg and his historic novel "The Last Athenian," but then Rydberg was an exception and would have been one anywhere, at any time. A scholar, dreamer and poet, living in a world apart (in a commercial city!), preoccupied with religious and philosophical questions; engaged in a bold fight for freedom of thought (sadly needed in Lutheran Sweden), yet the author of "The Teaching of the Bible about Christ"—a beautiful presentment of Christ as the Ideal Man; attracted by all that to his speculative mind suggested deeper issues—Greek thought and art, the pathetic figure of Antinous, the Black Art of the Middle Ages; engaged for years on a translation of Goethe's "Faust"; deeply versed in old Northern lore, and all that recalls it; the creator of a prose style of singular wealth, firmness and beauty; but above all a dreamer of dreams and a lover of little children, the Viktor Rydberg of that day struck many who saw him as *fey*, *bergtöge*—as one who had been "hill-taken" by the Trolls and never been the same afterwards. Later, he was made to come out of his shell somewhat, was given an honorary Ph.D. and made a Professor of the History of Civilisation, and published the remarkable work on Germanic mythology which has made him known in Europe; but he remained a scholar and seeker, rather than a teacher and leader. His influence on Swedish literature was thus great, but not immediate. After the first fierce onslaught on the Lutheran clergy he rather kept aloof; much to the disappointment of some eager young righters of wrong. On the other hand, he was full of individual sympathy and had the poet's gift of imaginative discernment and of a wide range of friendships.

The forces that one can discern at work in the early eighties were outside influences, Danish, Norwegian, and French. It should be remembered that the wave of literary revival reached Denmark and Norway before it reached Sweden, that Drachmann had already given to the northern world some of his warm, lifelike, impressionist creations, and some of his literary studies, so suggestive alike in method—which may be summed briefly up as keen, sympathetic psychological analysis—"à travers un tempérament"—and manner—supple, witty, and spontaneous. "Young Sweden," as they were called, did not read much—it was not considered the thing—but they did read Drachmann, Brandes, and the Norsemen. The influence of Ibsen on Sweden has been tremendous, no words are too big to express it, nothing less than a great intellectual and moral shaking up, a sudden awakening to the existence of problems of life, forced upon us by modern conditions. The Swedes are apt to be either sluggish or strenuous; thus the literary outcome of Ibsenism gradually became a crop of "problem literature," which ended by becoming very wearisome. Still much was gained, even in a literary sense, by having the real questions at issue in contemporary life discussed in stories that were bought and read, and plays that were put upon the stage—even if they didn't always stay there long! There was gentle, urbane Father Jonas Lie with his stories of the life of gentlefolks and government employees in Norway. There was Björnson also, though he has had less of an immediate following in Sweden. There have, for instance, been no peasant idylls in Sweden until lately, and these not due to Björnson. The explanation of this—as of other things of much greater moment—may possibly be that Björnson's powerful personality is cast in a lyric mould, which does not ring in harmony with the diapason of the Swedish temperament. Then there was Kielland, the first to transmit undoubted French influence to Scandinavia proper. There was Turgenjeff

—Tolstoy came later. And last but not least, there were some of the Frenchmen themselves. The immediate outcome of this set of influences, again, was a crop of short stories, realistic, psychological, or preoccupied with technique. August Strindberg was the acknowledged leader and that strange book of his, now half forgotten, "The Red Room," was the signal of the movement—and a very red flag indeed. It is a realistic study of the sordid life of a cénacle of Bohemians, written in a brilliant, ill-disciplined, and revolutionary style. Still more brilliant, revolutionary, and sordid were the stories of married life with which he threw down the gauntlet to the Women's Rights women, and indeed to all women. The very title proclaims it. "Giftas" is rather a common word for marriage. Strindberg is a stylist, but if Rydberg went for his inspiration to the perennial sources of the youthful life of language, Strindberg went for his to the terse slang of the capital. He has talent, almost genius, and has since developed into a powerful but aggressive writer of historic drama, after having passed through many phases, of which alchemy has been one. The lack of refinement of his early work is a fact which must be mentioned as it has also proved a great factor, for good and for evil, in the development of modern Swedish literature. For good, since it really succeeded in breaking down the barriers that would fain have imprisoned literature within the academic. For evil, since it became almost an article of faith that bookish culture was rather in one's way, if one wanted to write, or paint, or do any creative work. Both painters and writers have got over it by this time, but then there did not seem to be any happy medium between academic polish and semi-ignorant craftsmanship. So Heidenstam came as a revelation. Another exception was Selma Lagerlöf with her "Gösta Berling's Saga." While the others were following fashions and getting their 'prentice hand in, she suddenly brought out a work, uneven, incomplete, but Swedish; not in motive only, but in theme and spirit—a "Saga" of the high-strung life of the gentry of the early thirties, as transfigured by the myth-making imagination which still lingers along the lakesides. Heidenstam's step in advance was more cosmopolitan in character. He first published powerful and original sketches and lyrics of travel and homesickness: in spite of his exoticism, he makes certain Swedish chords vibrate as nobody else does. His first long story, "Endymion," is a poetic fantasy in admirable prose, half romance, half speculation, dealing with the Damascus of to-day. Heidenstam's gifts are great; in type, he is a cross between a Swedish aristocrat of the old school, a bold revolutionary in thought and art and style, and a scholarly cosmopolite. He has shown himself as something more than that within these last few years. The publication of his "Karolinerna," the followers of Charles XII., proved him a scholarly historian. The form chosen is that of the collection of short stories, or episodes, with a lot of solid antiquarian knowledge put into the crucible of an artistic imagination on realistic, impressionist lines. In this there was nothing new, and Heidenstam doubtless owes much to Strindberg's preceding work of the same kind. Both writers have the sine qua non—this artistic sense, possessed by so many individual Swedes—though the nation as a whole seems inartistic.

The style chosen has this drawback, that these bold impressionist outlines, these vivid touches of "costume," these typical background figures picked out by lurid light, do not always hang together, and one sometimes feels that one would need to know as much about the times as Herr von Heidenstam himself, to appreciate duly the accuracy and value of his presentment. This work has nothing in common, however, with the ordinary historic novel. The real originality of "Karolinerna" consists partly in the tragic unity of conception—like a powerful cement which holds together this strange mosaic of uneven tesserae; partly in the bold and novel grasp—based on original research—of characters and situations, in the attempt to put before us the neglected Russian actors in the drama, the strange scenes and episodes of defeat and captivity in strange and Eastern lands, the background at home of privation, heroism, and discontent; but above all in the tragic strength and weakness of the national character that led on to victory and ended in defeat. In a sense, it is thus a great national epic with Charles XII. as the grand and pathetic central figure. But nations have their tragedies, too, and the real protagonist of the drama is the whole Swedish people.

The leading publishing event of the last year in the North must be briefly pointed out as of special interest to English scholars and art-lovers. We refer to the illustrated Norwegian edition of the "Heimskringla." It thus hails from Norway, but is an outcome of the same movement that has given us Rydberg and Heidenstam, as well as the great Ibsen of the historic dramas. The superb illustrations by Werenskiöld, Munthe, a.o., especially, have much in common with Heidenstam's art; they represent the same conviction that those people were alive, and should be conceived and represented as alive. The translation by Professor Storm is simple, spirited, and straightforward, employing the resources of the "Målsträv" (Dialect-striving) without falling into their vagaries.

For This Week's Books see page 658.

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Paid-up Capital £1,250,000

Reserve Fund £1,200,000

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No other existing Convalescent Home will admit persons recovering from Scarlet Fever except those connected with the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals. FUNDS are URGENTLY NEEDED to clear the Home of debt, and to meet the cost of laying down an entirely new system of drainage required by the District Council, £2,000 is needed immediately. Contributions to be sent to Messrs. BARCLAY & Co., 1 Pall Mall East; or to Miss MARY WARDELL, Stanmore, Middlesex, from whom further information can be obtained.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S LYING-IN HOSPITAL, MARYLEBONE ROAD, LONDON, N.W.

Founded 1752. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1885.

UNENDOWED. SUPPORTED BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

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Vice-Patrons—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.
President—THE VISCOUNT PORTMAN.
Treasurer—ALFRED C. DE ROTHSCHILD, Esq.
Chairman of Committee—THE EARL OF HARDWICKE.

Since the foundation of the Hospital 100,000 POOR WOMEN HAVE BEEN RELIEVED. Last year 1,150 Patients were received into the Hospital, and 1,011 were attended at their own Homes.

The necessary ANNUAL EXPENDITURE exceeds £4,500, while the RELIABLE INCOME is about £2,000 only.

EXTENSION OF THE HOSPITAL.

To relieve the great pressure on the Hospital, and to meet the constantly-growing demands for admission, the Hospital has been enlarged and a new Nurses' Home has been erected. For these works upwards of £5,000 is still required, towards which Contributions are earnestly solicited.

CONTRIBUTIONS to both the General and the Building Funds will be thankfully received by the Hospital Bankers, Messrs. COCKS, BIDDULPH & Co., Charing Cross, S.W.; or at the Hospital by

ARTHUR WATTS, Secretary.

ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.

President, THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA. Open Free to the Sick Poor without Letters of Recommendation. Poverty and Suffering are the only passports required. This Charity is in Urgent Need of Help, as the reliable income does not exceed £3,000, whereas the expenditure is over £12,000 per annum. Contributions, large or small, will be gratefully received by the Bankers, Messrs. BROWN, JANSON & Co., 32 Abchurch Lane, E.C.; or at the Hospital by CONRAD W. THIES, Secretary.

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ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, PADDINGTON, W.

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Dependent entirely upon Voluntary Contributions,
AND

NOW IN GREAT NEED OF HELP.

The efficient maintenance of the 281 beds in the Hospital costs annually £22,000, while the dependable income of the Charity is less than £10,000.

Contributions, especially Annual Subscriptions, are earnestly solicited to assist the Board of Management in providing for the annual deficiency of £12,000—a deficiency increased this year by a serious falling off in the income ordinarily derived from legacies.

THOMAS RYAN, Secretary.

Over 40,000 Patients relieved every year.

Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Bankers, LONDON AND COUNTY BANKING Co., 1 Connaught Street, W., or by the Secretary at the Hospital.

SEAMEN'S HOSPITAL SOCIETY,

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P. MICELLI, Secretary.

NORTH LONDON HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST, Hampstead Heath and Fitzroy Square, W.

The Hospital is splendidly situated for the successful treatment of Consumption and other Chest Diseases, for which an abundance of pure, fresh air is necessary. Nearly 250,000 patients treated since the foundation of the Hospital.

£7,000 REQUIRED annually from Voluntary Sources.

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WILLIAM J. MORTON, Secretary.

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL, Broad Sanctuary,

S.W.—Instituted 1719. The oldest hospital in London, dependent upon voluntary contributions.

The annual expenditure is not less than £14,000

The receipts from dividends and rents, annual subscriptions, and the awards of the Hospital Sunday and Saturday Fund are estimated at £6,000

Leaving £8,000

To be provided by donations and legacies. ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS are urgently REQUIRED.

SIDNEY M. QUENNEL, Secretary.

LONDON HOSPITAL, E.

The Committee appeal for £40,000 a-year from VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

The number of IN-PATIENTS treated in 1897 was 11,146

" OUT-PATIENTS " " 161,033

Total number of Patients treated at the Hospital—172,179

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED.

Thoroughly Trained Private Nurses to be had immediately on application to the Matron.

HONBLE. SYDNEY HOLLAND, Chairman.

G. Q. ROBERTS, House Governor.

THE EL ORO MINING AND RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1895.)

DIRECTORS.

Sir SIDNEY G. A. SHIPPARD, K.C.M.G., Chairman.
Colonel ROBERT BARING. HENRY WILLIAM BARNETT.
R. T. BAYLISS. Captain HENRY V. HART-DAVIS.
ALFRED NAYLOR.

CONSULTING ENGINEER.—JOHN HAYS HAMMOND.

GENERAL MANAGER.—P. L. FOSTER.

SOLICITORS.

Messrs. CLARKE, RAWLINS AND CO., Gresham House, London.
Messrs. GUGGENHEIMER UNTERMYER AND MARSHALL, New York.
Senor PABLO MARTINEZ DEL RIO, Mexico City.

REPORT to be presented at the Ordinary General Meeting of the Shareholders, to be held at the Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C., at 12 o'clock noon, on Friday, the 30th of November, 1900.

Accounts.—The Directors have pleasure in submitting the annexed Statement of Accounts, which covers the period from the formation of the Company to the 30th June, 1900, and shows a net realised profit of £54,216 16s. 10d., after writing off £3,666 13s. 4d. on the Somera No. 1 Option and £2,000 for depreciation of plant. They consider that this result, attained so soon after the formation of the Company, and whilst the first work of construction was being completed, is satisfactory.

Mill and Cyanide Plant.—Regular crushing in the new 100-stamp Mill commenced on 1st January, but, as anticipated, the introduction of new methods of treatment caused the milling operations for the period under review to be largely experimental, and whilst the new Cyanide process is now an assured success, the Mill has not yet reached its full productive capacity.

In order that the Directors and the Management might be fortified with the highest opinion concerning the process employed, the Board retained Mr. W. K. Betty to proceed to the Mine in January last, and that gentleman spent two months in experimenting and conducting operations. His report as to the suitability of the process was highly satisfactory, and, in accordance with his recommendations, certain structural alterations and additions are being carried out which, when completed should add at least 50 per cent. to the capacity of the present Mill. These additions, it is expected, will be completed and in operation some time in February or March, 1901.

Deep Level.—On March 6th last the Board acquired a working option for a period of two-and-a-half years upon a property comprising about 268 acres, called "Somera No. 1," shown on the accompanying Plan. It adjoins the western boundary of a large portion of this Company's property, and covers the dip of the San Rafael and Branch Veins, that is to say, it forms the deep level of this Company's Mines. The Directors were impressed with the potential value of the Somera No. 1 from the first, as at the northern end of the El Oro ground they would have been restricted by the rights of the Somera No. 1 from following the San Rafael Vein on its dip to a greater vertical depth than 200ft. below the present lowest level, inasmuch as at a depth of 585ft. the San Rafael Vein would have passed on its dip beyond the El Oro side-line into the Somera No. 1 Claim, and all this Company's rights thereto would have ceased.

For the same reason the Directors have since the 30th June acquired for the sum of £5,000, from the British Gold Mines of Mexico, Limited, a portion of the Carmen Claim, adjoining the southern end of the Somera No. 1, and the western boundary of the El Oro, and protecting the dip of the San Rafael Vein in the southern end of the El Oro ground.

The Directors are satisfied that the acquisition of these two properties is in the best interest of the Company.

The price paid for the option on Somera No. 1 was £30,526 11s. 10d., and, with the cost of development to 30th June, viz., £3,641 7s. 7d., makes up the sum of £34,167 19s. 3d. appearing in the Balance Sheet.

The Directors do not consider that this amount should forthwith be charged to Revenue, and have therefore decided to carry all expenditure on Somera No. 1 to a Suspense Account, extending over five years, and to write off each year one-fifth of the estimated total expenditure incurred in securing the option, and to be incurred in the development of the property. In accordance with this resolution they have written off in the accounts now presented the sum of £3,666 13s. 4d., being the proper proportion for the four months from March 6th to June 30th.

If, and when, the Directors decide to complete the purchase of the Somera No. 1, all sums so deducted from Revenue will be recredited to Revenue and debited to Capital Account.

Provision for Depreciation.—It will also be seen that an amount of £2,000 has been written off for Depreciation of Plant; this the Directors consider sufficient in view of the fact that only part of the machinery has been running for six months, whilst a great part of it only came into operation at different periods between January and June.

Dividend.—The amount of £54,216 16s. 10d. shown in the Balance Sheet was therefore available for dividend, and thereout it will be remembered that a dividend of 1s. per share, free of income-tax, was distributed on the 15th August.

Capital.—The capital, originally £900,000, was increased, at the Statutory Meeting held in 1899, to £1,000,000, by the creation of 100,000 new shares of £1 each. None of these new shares had been issued up to 30th June, the date to which the Accounts are made up; but since then 25,000 have been issued at par to the Exploration Company, Limited, under an option given on the 14th November, 1899, and that Company still holds an option over 55,000 shares.

General Manager's Report.—Annexed will be found a full report by Mr. P. L. Foster, which covers a period of some three months beyond the date to which the Accounts have been made up; the Directors wish to call special attention to this Report, in illustration of which longitudinal sections of the San Rafael and Branch Veins are annexed hereto.

From 1st January to 30th September none of the richer Branch Vein has been worked, but 53,506 tons have been extracted and milled from the San Rafael Vein, yielding 5743.412.00, being an average of 813.89 per ton. The working cost for this period was \$6.05 per ton, including Mining, Milling, and Development.

Mr. Betty advised that the ore in the Branch Vein can be worked more advantageously in a separate Mill. Development work on the Branch Vein is being conducted vigorously, and when this is sufficiently advanced, and an adequate reserve of ore established therein, it is the intention of the Directors to authorise the erection of a new Mill for this purpose.

In presenting to the Shareholders the result of this first financial year of the Company's working, the Directors desire to express their appreciation of the services rendered by the General Manager, Mr. P. L. Foster.

Auditors.—Messrs. Deloitte, Dever, Griffiths and Co., who were appointed by the Directors to audit the Accounts as now presented, offer themselves for election as Auditors of the Company.

(N.B.—Where the \$ is used above, the American Gold Dollar is intended.)

SIDNEY SHIPPARD, } Directors.
R. T. BAYLISS, }
J. H. M. SHAW Secretary.

No. 11 Cornhill, London, E.C.,
21st November, 1900.

THE EL ORO MINING AND RAILWAY COMPANY, LIMITED.

BALANCE SHEET, 30th June, 1900.

Dr.		
To Capital Authorised	£1,000,000.	
" Capital Issued (900,000 Shares of £1 each)	£900,000	0 0
" Sundry Creditors	44,836	7 5
" Profit and Loss Account	54,216	16 10
	£999,053	4 3
		Cr.
By Property, including Railway and Mining Equipment, Machinery Plant, and Construction " Somera Option	£34,167	19 5
" Less amount placed to Sinking Fund	3,666	13 4
		30,501 6 1
" Stores	13,684	2 9
" Sundry Debtors	2,053	16 9
" Bullion in Transit	52,265	10 4
" Cash	2,437	3 8
	£999,053	4 3

PROFIT and LOSS ACCOUNT for the period ending 30th June, 1900.

To Mining Expenditure	£47,138	8 3
" Railway Expenditure	5,502	19 5
" Interest	1,896	13 1
" London Expenses	2,507	12 7
" Directors' Fees	1,709	14 0
" Depreciation of Plant	2,000	0 0
" Somera Option Sinking Fund	3,666	13 4
" Balance carried to Balance Sheet	54,216	16 10
	£118,738	18 1
By Bullion recovered	£106,708	17 5
" Profit on Sales of Lumber	1,361	7 0
" Railway Receipts	10,668	13 8
	£118,738	18 1

We have examined the Accounts, with the Books and Vouchers in London, wherein have been incorporated the returns from abroad as certified by the local Manager, and report that the above Balance Sheet in our opinion correctly exhibits the position of the Company on June 30th, 1900, as shown thereby.

DELOITTE, DEVER, GRIFFITHS AND CO., } Auditors.
Chartered Accountants,
4 Lothbury, London, E.C., 19th November, 1900.

SIDNEY SHIPPARD, } Directors.
R. T. BAYLISS, }
J. H. M. SHAW, Secretary.

11 Cornhill, London, E.C., 21st November, 1900.

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN GOVERNMENT 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock.

ISSUE OF £880,000.

Price of Issue, £100 per cent.

Interest payable 1st May and 1st November.

Six months' interest payable 1st May, 1901.

Principal repayable at par 1st May, 1935, the Government of Western Australia having the option to redeem the Stock at par on or after the 1st May, 1920, on giving twelve calendar months' notice.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER BANK

LIMITED are instructed by the Government of Western Australia to offer for subscription the above amount of Stock, being £900,000, the balance of a Loan of £3,500,000 authorised to be issued by the Act of the Legislature of Western Australia, 60 Victoria, No. 28, and £380,000, being the first instalment of a Loan of £680,000 authorised by Act 63 Victoria, No. 44.

According to the above Acts, the Loan is to be raised for the construction of certain Public Works and other purposes, and is secured upon the Consolidated Revenues and Assets of the Colony, subject to the prior charges for certain Loans as specified in the Act of the Legislature of Western Australia, 54 Victoria, No. 9.

By the terms of "The General Loan and Inscribed Stock Act, 1884," of the Legislature of Western Australia, provision has to be made by the Colony for a Sinking Fund at the rate of one per cent. per annum on the totals of Loans raised, such amounts to be invested in the names of Trustees, and to accumulate at compound interest towards the final extinction of the debt.

The Stock now offered will be inscribed in accordance with the provisions of "The Colonial Stock Act, 1877," 40 and 41 Vict., cap. 59, in the books of the "Western Australia Government 3½ per Cent. Inscribed Stock, 1920-1935"—kept by the London and Westminster Bank Limited.

The revenues of the Colony of Western Australia, alone, are liable in respect of this Stock and the Dividends thereon, and the Consolidated Fund of the United Kingdom and the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury are not directly or indirectly liable or responsible for the payment of the Stock or of the Dividends thereon, or for any matter relating thereto.—40 and 41 Vict., cap. 59, sec. 19.

Applications will be received at the London and Westminster Bank Limited, Lothbury, and must be in multiples of £100 of Stock, and be accompanied by a deposit of £5 per cent.

The list will be closed on or before Tuesday, the 27th November, 1900.

In case of partial allotment the surplus of the amount paid as deposit will be appropriated towards the payment of the instalment due on allotment.

Payment will be required as follows, viz.:

£5 per cent. on application.	
£15 " on 5th December, 1900.	
£30 " on 21st January, 1901.	
£30 " on 21st March, 1901.	
£100	

Payment may be made in full on the 5th December, 1900, or on any subsequent day, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

Copies of the Acts above mentioned can be seen at the office of the Agent-General for Western Australia, 15 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W., or at the London and Westminster Bank Limited, Lothbury; and Forms of Application can be obtained at that Bank, or at any of its Branches, and of Messrs. R. Nivison & Co., 8 Finch Lane, E.C.

London and Westminster Bank Limited,
Lothbury, London, E.C.,
21st November, 1900.

NATIONAL MEMORIAL TO MARY KINGSLEY.

THE desire has been very widely expressed among Miss KINGSLEY's many friends, and among the still larger number of those who knew her through her Writings and Lectures, to establish a permanent Memorial to her.

It is in a great measure owing to Miss KINGSLEY's writings and her absolutely unique researches into native customs and institutions that so much interest has recently been taken by the general public in West Africa. She herself took a deep interest in all that might in any way tend to the improvement of the conditions of life in that part of the world, both of Europeans and of the Natives.

Liverpool, owing to its very large West African interests, was frequently visited by Miss KINGSLEY, who there, as also in Manchester, formed many close friendships with those engaged in the West African Trade. Immediately after her death a movement was set on foot by certain Liverpool and Manchester merchants to perpetuate her memory by associating her name with a small Hospital for the treatment of tropical diseases to be established in connection with the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine.

Other of Miss KINGSLEY's friends desire that her name should also be associated with a Society for the study of Native Customs and Laws, which was her first object and occupied the greatest part of her time and energy, and that "The Mary Kingsley Society of West Africa" should be established to stimulate research and to collect from all sources information concerning West Africa.

Miss KINGSLEY held that the right way to bring out the full value of British West Africa is, not in the direction of trying to force European civilisation and customs on natives who already have a different, if rudimentary, social system of their own, but first to study this indigenous system, which must to some extent be suited to its environment, and then to select from this, and to develop, the better and more useful elements. It is believed that much information of the required kind as to West African Sociology is already on record, scattered through the works of the older writers on those parts, as well as in more recent books of travel, in papers published in periodicals, in blue books, and in official reports; and a very great deal more may still be gathered by Government officials, traders, missionaries, travellers, and by the small but remarkable band of natives who are already educated.

It is proposed that the "Mary Kingsley Society" should employ a trained ethnologist, both to collect and arrange in scientific form the material which is thus already on record, and to institute and direct research for further material of the same sort; and it is intended that the Society, after the manner of the Royal Asiatic Society, should periodically publish the results which it obtains, and should thus provide additional knowledge by which European relations with West Africa may be most safely and effectively directed, with profit both to the Natives and to the Empire.

Several meetings of Miss KINGSLEY's friends have been held in London to discuss the matter, and it has been decided that the memorial should include both the Hospital and the Society, and that an appeal should be made to the public for support to both; the subscriptions being assigned to either the Hospital or to the Society, according to the wish of subscribers.

Contributions for the MARY KINGSLEY MEMORIAL HOSPITAL should be sent to—

MR. A. H. MILNE,
B. 10, EXCHANGE BUILDINGS,
LIVERPOOL.

And for the MARY KINGSLEY SOCIETY OF WEST AFRICA to:—

MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN,
ST. MARTIN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE,
LONDON.

Unless specifically assigned by the donors, all contributions sent to MR. MILNE will be devoted to the "MARY KINGSLEY HOSPITAL," and those sent to MR. MACMILLAN to the "MARY KINGSLEY SOCIETY OF WEST AFRICA."

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1. To extend a knowledge of India in England, and an interest in the people of that country.
2. To co-operate with efforts made in India for advancing education and social reforms.
3. To promote friendly intercourse between English people and the people of India.

The Committee Chairman, SIR STEUART C. BAYLEY, K.C.S.I. organise Lectures on Indian subjects, and occasional Soirées, publish a Monthly Magazine, and afford information and advice to Indians in England. They also make grants from a Special Fund to the Branch Committees in India, for Scholarships, Training of Teachers, Home Classes, &c., in encouragement of Education for Women.

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